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*521 *a*. —— London, 1816. 1816.

The Modern Dunciad, a Satire; with notes, biographical and critical. "Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass, That secret to each fool, that he's an ass." Pope. Fourth edition, corrected and enlarged. London: Printed for Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; and John Rodwell, New Bond Street. 8°. ff. (3) + pp. xxxii + 121. *M, BM.*

This satire, in imitation of the first satire of Persius, was written by George Daniel. Facing the title page is an etching of a donkey loaded with some of the satirized books and dated 1814; hence it appeared with the first edition (see no. 521). The printer was W. Wilson, London. The book was reprinted in 1835 together with Daniel's 'Virgil in London'; the BM has a copy.

THE

MODERN DUNCIAD.

Hæc ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
Hæc Ego non agitem? Juv.

Published by Wilson, Royal Exchange, Nov. 22d 98.

Daniel, George

THE

MODERN DUNCIAD,

A SATIRE;

WITH

NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

" Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
" That secret to each fool, that he's an ass."

POPE.

FOURTH EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND JOHN RODWELL, NEW BOND STREET.

1816.

Lp 15,18,14.2
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is written in imitation of the first Satire of PERSIUS: *the present subject being however of a more* general *nature, the author has in many places been obliged to depart very widely from the original.*

PREFACE.

ANOTHER Edition of the MODERN DUNCIAD has been called for by the public; its heroes have become notorious when they least expected it, and they may now, like the Goddess Calypso *, *mourn their immortality*.

It has been said that to ridicule a tribe of obscure scribblers is an unworthy employment for the legitimate satirist †: but did not HORACE and JU-

---

* Elle se trouvoit malheureuse d'être immortelle.

TELEMACHUS.

---

† This seems to be the opinion of the *British Critic*, the *Critical Review*, and the *Universal Magazine*; no very great authorities to be sure, but it may be amusing to the reader to peruse their remarks.

"Our satirist appears to be well acquainted with the lower tribe "of *authorlings*, and has brought to light many illustrious names,

VENAL proscribe the bad writers of Rome? DRYDEN, POPE, and BOILEAU, are never so completely

---

"who, but for the aid of so *kind a chronicler*, might have passed "the *oblivious stream*. There is sometimes a legitimate and manly "severity which does credit to the author: that he has much talent "we readily allow; but if he would command attention, he must "follow *higher game*. There is an elegance, vivacity, and point in "his couplets which are worthy of a superior work."

BRITISH CRITIC.

"This satire is, certainly, written by a scholar and a poet; but, "in proportion as we admire the author's talents, we are disgusted "with his abuse of them. Shall the lovers of satire, pointed by "raillery, by ridicule, or by wit, smile at the dart ignobly levelled "at *such* lords as Yarmouth and Hawke; at *such miscreants* as "*******, (the reader is referred to the *Critical Review*, where "he may see the names of these worthies at *full length*) and a "long catalogue of reptiles?"

CRITICAL REVIEW.

"We rather regret this barren vulgarity of topic, because we "think the author capable of writing with effect upon higher sub-"jects, and surely higher might easily have been found. Whatever "gratification may be felt in reading a lampoon upon the *Aggs*, the

successful as when they are satirising vanity and dulness: with such illustrious examples before me, am I not then fully justified in opposing the dunces of the present age, to those of the past? When POPE celebrates a *Dennis*, an *Oldmixon*, or a *Curl*; I shall introduce a *Manners*, a *Pasquin*, or a *Cobbett*; the malignity, the dulness, and the impudence of one party, will do well to confront the vulgarity, the stupidity, and the shamelessness of the other.

But all my dunces are not obscure; there are many, whose language and sentiments have had considerable influence in the present day, to the almost total destruction of public taste and of public morals: such characters I have not spared, while those, whose writings only tire our patience

---

"*Laura Matildas*, the *Arnolds* and *Pasquins* to-day, none can "arise from recurring to it to-morrow: their names and their works "are alike *forgotten*; and he who rakes up a *dunghill* to enjoy the "smell, can hardly expect to have much company about him."

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

without corrupting our principles, who are good citizens though bad poets, are dismissed with a slight rebuke: I only lament that they did not take the judicious advice of the French satirist.—

> " *Soyez plutôt maçon,* si c'est votre talent,
> " Ouvrier estimè dans un art necessaire,
> " *Qu' écrivain du commun, et poëte vulgaire.*"

But it appears that I have been guilty of a *misnomer*, in calling *Mr. Hewson Clarke a gentleman*— this, I trust the good-natured reader will attribute to inadvertency, for I am well convinced that of all men living, *Mr. Clarke* is the least entitled to that appellation. It was never my intention to insinuate that he was a gentleman, in the common acceptation of the term, but merely *a Gentleman of the Dunciad.*

That a partial outcry would be raised against this Poem, was but a reasonable conclusion; therefore much of the abuse that has been lavished upon me, as the author, has been duly anticipated. I must,

however, apologise for introducing the editors of the MONTHLY * and the ANTIJACOBIN REVIEWS † into

---

* "Gossip Report, who is sometimes correct and very often erroneous authority, has attributed this poem to the author of the "*Pursuits of Literature;* and, admitting spirited and poignant "satire to be an evidence of such an assignment, we have more reason for crediting than for disbelieving the rumour. Certain it is, "that traces of no common talent appear in every page; and that "this modern POPE, whoever he be, has produced a Dunciad, which "the stinging bard of Twickenham would not be ashamed to own. "The bard spares neither poet nor courtier; and in the office of a "satirist, he speaks with the boldness of JUVENAL. All however "is not satire—he freely *praises* as well as freely *censures.*"

"We were sorry occasionally to meet with some inadmissible "rhymes in this otherwise *finished* performance, such as '*applaud,*' "'*lord,*' '*morn,*' '*yown:*' but the high tone, noble spirit, and "true satiric energy of the whole, compensate for such little defects. "We are throughout reminded of the undaunted MUSE OF TWICKENHAM—Truth, indeed, does prevail: but *truth* is called a *libel* by "those whom *it wounds.*"

MONTHLY REVIEW.

† The Antijacobin Review devotes twenty pages to the examination of this poem, from which, the following are extracts.

such company as the conductors of the SCOURGE* and the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE†: for quoting

---

"The title of this satire, we confess, staggered us; and we "thought that writer bold, and were half disposed to think him pre- "sumptuous, who could thus fearlessly tread in the very paths, as it "were, of our great poet. We opened the leaves, then, with a "strong belief that we were destined to experience nothing but dis- "appointment, and possibly to labour through a hundred pages of "the same *namby-pamby* strains which almost *daily* issue from the "London presses. We were soon, however, most agreably sur-

---

* Now comes the SCOURGE, armed with a scalping knife and a tomohawk.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me!"————

"The manufacturer of the production before us is one of those "favoured and fortunate individuals, who possess just sufficient "spirit and ambition to attempt an act of petty mischief, without

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† Let me also quote the opinion of another undoubted oracle, equally candid and complimentary.—"The author whose *poverty of* "*intellect* obliges him to adopt such rhymes as '*applaud*,' '*Lord*;' "'*pass*,' '*farce*;' '*yawn*,' and '*morn*,'" is little calculated to "assume the chair of modern criticism."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

in the same page, the candid and liberal remarks of enlightened judges, with the low scurrility of two

---

" prised, and so our readers will probably think, when they learn " our opinion that the MODERN DUNCIAD has nothing to dread " from a comparison with the DUNCIAD OF THE LAST CENTURY. " Whoever the author is, and we pretend not even to guess, he is " worthy by talent and by principle, to wield the formidable lash " of legitimate satire. We may possibly think him rather too in- " discriminate in his censures, but we would rather impute this opi- " nion to some lurking and almost unconscious partialities of *our* " *own*, than to malice, or injustice in our satirist."

" the ability to accomplish it. The writer of THE MODERN DUNCIAD " would doubtless be very *provoking* if he could; but, luckily for " him, all his exertions are ineffectual; and we positively believe " that were he to publish a volume of similar dimensions every week, " he might wait till the day of doom before the most cutting satire " in his book would provoke the resentment of the most irritable " animal that ever preyed on the garbage of literature, or grazed " on the borders of Parnassus; and the reader, who, by a resolute " exercise of his patience, has at length accomplished its perusal, in " vain endeavours to recal to his recollection a splendid image, a " fortunate allusion, or a skilful sarcasm.

" He is always easy, but rarely interesting; and his greatest

miserable pretenders to criticism. Literary hirelings who, with "*Deficiens crumena*," may be

---

"Here is not only good poetry, but, what is better, good princi-
"ple also, and these go hand in hand throughout the poem. The
"bard pursues his steady and even course, and administers much
"wholesome and *merited castigation*. To prove, however, that his
"indignation at *worthlessness* and *folly* has its source in his admi-
"ration of *merit*, *wit*, and *genius*, he bursts forth in strains of ani-
"mated praise."

"The concluding remonstrances of the poet to his friend on the
"*profligacy of the age* are written in the best style of our best sen-
"timents—and it would be a dereliction of duty, and an abandon-
"ment of principle in us to deny that his indignation has its source
"in virtue, and that he has proved himself an able defender of
"*taste*, *worth*, *morals*, and *religion*."

ANTIJACOBIN REVIEW.

"merit is the harmony of his verse; his greatest fault, invincible
"mediocrity."—Here follows a long defence of *Mr. Hewson Clarke*, *Catalani* and *Dehayes*.

THE SCOURGE.

In one part of this very dispassionate criticism, the author's verses are denominated "*rapid* and *monotonous*," and in the above quotation, they are allowed the merit of being "*harmonious*:" some-

bribed into any thing, are more dangerous as *friends*, than as *enemies*; I should be sorry to possess the *good word* of certain persons, of whom every one speaks ill. I have therefore reason to be thankful for having escaped their *praise*, rather than to lament having incurred their *censure*. It seems that I have attacked some notorious dunces, which offence has naturally enough provoked the vengeance of the BRETHREN: the *Gentlemen of Grub-Street* are in duty bound to defend the *Gentlemen of the Dunciad*.

But first and foremost of the indignant tribe, who are still smarting from my lash, stands *Tom Shuffleton*. This obscure person has written a threatening libel in the *Scourge**; but, alas! his pen is as

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what contradictory—but this is "*Magno conatu magnas nugas.*" The critic of the Scourge has a treacherous memory, which is too apt to recollect things that *never took place*, and to forget those that *really did*.

---

* Upon the *supposed* author of "The Modern Dunciad." The editor of the "Scourge" has had *so often* to "ransack for filth his

harmless as his sword, and his courage is nearly upon a par with his abilities. He is offended with my

---

heart, for lies his brain," that he declined the drudgery of abuse upon the present occasion, and employed his worthy coadjutor, *Tom Shuffleton*. And in truth, *Tom* has laboured in his vocation;—but let the following extracts, from his "Stanzas," speak for themselves:

"Behold the Prince of Darkness comes,
"Sucking his dirty inky thumbs,
"With all the dunce's spirit!
"Pil'd on his back a goodly weight—
"Behold his lampoons on the great,
"Destin'd by Somnus and by fate,
"To meet the gloom they merit."

* * * * * * *

"Oh, when the senseless rogue shall dare
"To give *his name the open air*
"I'll make the blockhead *shiver;*
"But, dirty dog! his timid heart
"Will never let his *name depart*,
"Lest Fate should make the coward smart,
"And *perforate his liver!!*"

* * * * * * *

criticism upon his book*; very likely:—my object was to lash fools; and how could *he* hope to escape

---

" But let him pass, the prating sot
" Will very quickly be forgot,
" Doom'd on his crony's shelves to rot,
" While witlings round him revel;
" The coy reviews no longer paid,
" Will call his muse an arrant jade,
" And send her *to the devil.*"

Tom Shuffleton, who *pretends* to know the author, thus characterises, or rather *caricatures* him in a note to his Stanzas: " The " physiognomy of our satirist *very much resembles* the ruddy hardi- " hood of the *daubed Saracen* on Snow Hill, and might very well be " sketched by some minor artist for the purpose of *frightening* " *naughty children*, and reducing them to prompt obedience to " their nurses."—And again he describes him as " a youth of much " *whiskered beauty*, apparently *very terrific*, but in heart *as timid* " *as a lamb.*"

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* " The Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton," a thing so truly infamous, that Messrs. *Carpenter* and *Jennings*, the booksellers, refused to publish it. It was then hawked about the town, but without success, for no one could be found who valued his character so little as to become the publisher.

whipping? But did I inform the public that this same *Tom Shuffleton* was no other than a profligate scribbler, known by the name of *John Gwilliam**?

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* The Cutter of *Coleman-Street*—a gentleman "who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods." He is a most indefatigable paper-stainer; for in addition to his numerous "*admired works**," almost every catchpenny periodical publication of the present day bears some marks of his genius. But *John*, though a plodding, is nevertheless an unlucky rhymer; his works having been universally condemned by the critics, who have never as yet been

---

* The following is a tolerably correct list of *John Gwilliam's* publications.

Sundry Rhymes in Ackermann's Poetical Magazine.

The Delicious Amour, or Her Ladyship and Johnny Unbedded.

The Battles of the Danube and Barrosa.

The Campaign, and other Poems.

The Mourning Wreath, and other Poems.

The Bower of Bliss, and other Poems.

The Exile of Elba.

The Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton, &c. &c.

All of which made but one step from the printer's to the pastry-cook's.

—Did I drag forward his fulsome dedications, his violations of grammar and of common sense, his obscenity and profaneness?—Did I ring in his ears the wholesome advice that he has continually received from the reviewers to leave off his idle propensity to rhyming, and to sink his vanity to the low

---

able to discover those abilities which *John*, in the vanity of his heart, fancies he possesses.—Pope's saying

"No creature smarts so little as a *fool*,"

finds ample illustration in *John Gwilliam*; he is the most self-conceited blockhead imaginable; and amidst the continual merriment that his dulness creates, he looks around him with unconscious stupidity,

"And thanks his stars he was not born a *fool*."

An arrow, however, from the shaft of ridicule will sometimes reach him; then he fumbles for his brains, and throws about his dirt at random; but

"If he call whore and rascal from his garret,
"He does you no more mischief than a parrot."

It is *John's flattery* that is most to be dreaded.

standard of his abilities*? I might have done this, and more.—I might have proclaimed him as the author of an indecent pamphlet, called, "*The Delicious Amour*," which he suppressed a few hours after its publication, upon being threatened with a prosecution and a sound cudgelling. But I acted with forbearance towards him; I did not brand him as a common libeller;—nay, I gave him credit for a small piece, "The Campaign," which I picked out of the huge dunghill of his prose and rhyme. I once felt inclined to illustrate my remarks upon *Tom's* riff-raff with quotations, but I must forbear; his pages are only fit for the perusal of *Sally*† and

* Some time since *John Gwilliam*, or some good-natured friend, *Sally* perhaps, transmitted a puff upon his "*Heloise to Abelard*" to the editor of the "Theatrical Inquisitor," who, though *not very nice* in these matters, rejected it. *John* was, however, more fortunate upon another occasion, for he procured the insertion of a panegyric upon his *Battle Poems* in an ephemeral journal, called the *Mentor*, long since defunct.

† *Sally* is only *one* of *Tom's* beauties: for by his own account he

the frail sisterhood, to whom they are principally addressed: to *them* they may be agreeable; and I have no doubt *Sally* is too well versed in the tropes and figures of Billingsgate not to relish the low slang of her *quondam* lover, *Tom Shuffleton*. As a writer in the Scourge, he will prove a great acquisition to the cause of scandal, and a worthy companion to a herd of libellers, who

"For almonds would cry whore to their own mother."

In placing him in the Dunciad I have only restored him to his old associates; *Anthony Pasquin* wanted

---

has a whole seraglio of easy nymphs, "for whom no shepherd sighs in vain," at his command. I cannot imagine a more ludicrous scene than *Tom Shuffleton* in *Sally's* apartment, ("four stories mounting to her bower,") composing one of his rhapsodies, while she assists him with her own brilliant conceptions.

Tom Shuffleton, resolv'd to rally,
Invokes his muse in praise of *Sally*,
O worthy resolution!—
Not e'en *Tom's* muse the nymph degrades,
Since both alike are arrant jades,
And live by *prostitution*.

a dunce like *Tom Shuffleton* to keep him in countenance.

One word more—*John Gwillim* thinks he has discovered the author of "The Modern Dunciad;" I shall not undeceive him, neither is it my intention to call him a liar, whatever I may prove him to be. He is altogether too low an object for my resentment*. I am not disposed "to wage a war with *dirt*, or fight with *air*."—He has at length reached the pinnacle of infamous notoriety; he has been regularly installed in the Temple of Dulness,

---

* *John*, as a downright murderer of common sense, is determined to have "*a decent execution against next sessions;*" he is therefore busily employed in arranging his trumpery for publication, among which will probably be found some dull abuse upon the *real* or *imaginary* author of "The Modern Dunciad." But let me here remark, that in future *John* will have all the sport to himself; for should he attribute my work to the *Great Mogul* (a thing by no means unlikely in his present disturbed state of mind) I shall never think it worth my while to contradict him. I now dismiss him as an incorrigible dunce, whom conviction cannot shame, nor friendly admonitions cure.

" Where ev'ry rogue that *stunk alive*,
" Becomes a precious mummy dead."—

But although the satisfaction of having chastised such a rabble was sufficient to repay me for any pains that this Poem might have cost me, I have still received a higher recompense—the applause of those whom I was most solicitous to please.—There are *some*

——————————— " Ere spent my vital days,
" Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise;"

from such I have experienced the kindest proofs of regard; they have fully entered into my sentiments, and I flatter myself that at some future period (when I shall most require it) they will be found ready to bear testimony to the rectitude of my intentions, and the justice of my satire*.

* When death has wrapp'd my head in clay,
And this frail life has pass'd away,
When after nature's dying throes
My weary spirit finds repose,

The present work being designed to expose bad authors rather than to celebrate good ones, I have

---

That sweet repose exempt from pain,
Which *here* it sought, but sought in vain,
I ask no well-dissembled tear,
No idle pomp to mock my bier,
But this one simple boon I crave
When I am dead and in my grave—

A FRIEND SINCERE, who knew me well,
The vain inquiring world to tell
No flatt'ring tale, but bring to view
My merits and my frailties too;
Lest, urg'd by spleen and malice, those
Who once were only *secret* foes,
Surround my tomb with envious din,
While I unconscious sleep within.

And let my FRIEND this record bear,
That early in a sea of care
I vent'rous sought my devious way,
While rocks and quicksands round me lay:
The tempest lower'd, without a guide
I feebly stemm'd misfortune's tide,

had but few opportunities of noticing *living merit* *. Yet as far as was consistent with my plan, I have

---

And grateful for my perils o'er,
With many a struggle reach'd the shore.
Then with the world no more at strife,
I sought a calm sequester'd life,
Receiv'd my summons from on high,
Content to live, though glad to die.

Let no unfriendly step intrude
On this my peaceful solitude.—
Here all my deeds beneath the sun,
Here all my good and evil done,
Passions that once disturb'd my breast
No longer active, lie at rest.—

---

* I am far from undervaluing the poetical genius of the present age, although I cannot subscribe to the opinion which has been so generally adopted, that our modern bards have excelled, or even equalled, their immortal predecessors.—Of *Lord Byron* I could wish to speak in terms of unqualified praise: he is a great and an original genius; he has a depth of thought and a force of expression that is truly admirable. In aiming at too much conciseness he is

given praise where I thought praise was due; and whether distributing praise or censure, it has been

---

Here grief subsides, and rage expires,
And mad ambition's wild desires,
The poet's dreams, the critic's gall,—
The grave oblivious buries all.

Yes, in the dark sepulchral urn
E'en love itself forgets to burn,
And friendship's bright ethereal ray
No more informs the silent clay:—
Sense, feeling, all—save HOPE have fled
From this lone mansion of the dead.
SHE bending from her heav'nly sphere,
Completes the Christian's triumph here,
Cheers his departing spirit's gloom,
And casts a radiance round his tomb.

---

often harsh and obscure, while his artificial pauses, and his rapid and sometimes unnatural transitions, give to his poetry an air of pedantry and affectation. Upon many occasions, however, he is exquisitely simple and pathetic; his simile of the *Kashmeer Butterfly*, and that fine passage, beginning with, "*He who hath bent him o'er the dead*," cannot easily be paralleled. But it is in "Childe

constantly my endeavour to keep the maxim of the Roman Satirist full in my view.

" Cum Tabulis, animum censoris sumet honesti."—

Harold," (the greatest of all his works), that the genius of *Lord Byron* shines most conspicuous: his lamentations over the ruins of Greece, his passionate exhortations to spare the last relics of her ancient grandeur, and his just and generous indignation against our modern Vandal for despoiling her of what the barbarians themselves held sacred, are the very soul of pathos and poetry. With *Lord Byron's* morals (upon which so much has been said) I have nothing to find fault: his religious opinions may be too liberal for the bigot, who would shudder to admit of the possibility of a *Mussulman* being saved; and he appears to contemplate existence with a gloomy eye—let those be enamoured of life who have tasted largely of its sweets; the unhappy may surely have the privilege of expressing their indifference, if not disgust, of a burthen which necessity alone compels them to bear.

The works of *Mr. Scott* shew little or no appearance of learning, but they are full of spirit and variety. Considering the rapidity with which he produces them, it is surprising that their faults should be so much outweighed by their beauties. As a descriptive poet, he has great merit; and though the roaring cataract, the barren heath, and the mountain glen, have been described even to satiety; *Mr.*

Many anecdotes*, connected with the *private history* of my heroes, I have suppressed; but I beg

---

Scott, by the force of his genius, generally contrives to render his scenes, if not new, at least picturesque and agreeable. He has likewise the art (and no contemptible one too) of forming a very pleasing tale from incidents, which, if related by an ordinary pen, would be wholly uninteresting. But the greatest triumph of his genius is his having exalted a measure, hitherto considered as unfit for the purposes of serious and heroic poetry, into cadences full, sounding, and harmonious. This is to consider *Mr. Scott* in his most favourable light; for even the blindest of his admirers must allow that upon *very many* occasions he is vulgar, prosaic, and not a little tedious. Nor have his merits passed unrewarded; he is not of those bards who have had to console themselves with the reflection, that if genius bring not wealth and honours, it will at least confer immortality: he has reaped every advantage that could be derived from the possession of superior talents. It therefore becomes him to look

---

* "Considering the variety of names introduced into this poem, "and the opportunities presented by the introduction of notes, of "*entertaining anecdote*, the barrenness and brevity of the writer "before us are peculiarly *reprehensible*."

THE SCOURGE.

Here's black ingratitude! The *gentlemen* of the Scourge would

to add, that my future forbearance entirely depends upon their good behaviour: the wholesome dis-

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to his laurels, to be satisfied with the fame that he has already acquired, which any further endeavours might tend to diminish rather than to increase.

With the Muse of *Mr. Southey* what critic can keep pace?—Another Epic!

"Lines forty thousand—Cantos twenty-five!"

Yet compared with his former works, "Roderick, or the last of the Goths," is regular and consistent. It possesses none of that ludicrous wildness which distinguishes "Thalaba," and the "Curse of Kehama"—deficient in those strokes of tenderness, so admirable in "Madoc;" in the display of the more terrible passions, it is superior to all. The descriptions are frequently too long and too ab-

---

doubtless have afforded me a fine opportunity of indulging in *entertaining anecdote*, had I been so inclined. A series of ridiculous adventures, under the title of "*Annals of Grub-Street*," might have made the public merry at their expence. But the ingratitude of dunces is proverbial; Swift laments it in the following exquisitely pathetic strains:—

"O Grub-Street! how do I bemoan thee,
"Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!

cipline that they have already experienced will, I trust, deter them from making any further attempts

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stracted, the thoughts overstrained, and the language harsh and wordy; but a fine strain of morality runs through the whole: it presents a high-wrought picture of guilt, suffering, and repentance; and the scenery, which is laid in a beautiful and romantic country, is drawn with a vivid and a powerful pencil. It is pleasing to mark the gradual progress of genius; and *Mr. Southey* in this last work has made a rapid advance towards that perfect excellence which he has discovered such a noble emulation to attain.

Neither *Mr. Coleridge* nor *Mr. Wordsworth* are popular; and while their talents are devoted to please *old women* and *children*, how can they ever expect to be otherwise? It is the singular perverseness of these authors to provoke ridicule when they might command respect. The tragedy of "Remorse" affords abundant proof

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"Tho', by their idiom and grimace,
"They soon betray their native place.
"Yet thou hast greater cause to be
"*Asham'd of them, than they of thee.*

——————"'Tis true, 'tis pity;
"And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

at notoriety. Of some of the old offenders on the Grub-Street calendar I entertain but little hopes of reformation; a dunce of twenty years standing is a desperate character—it would be imprudent to grant a respite to such veterans as *Clio Rickman**, and that old butt of Satan, *Anthony Pasquin;* but

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that *Mr. Coleridge* possesses abilities far above the ordinary cast; and *Mr. Wordsworth's* "Excursion," with all its incongruities of language, fable, and character, will hand down his name with some credit to posterity. *Mr. Campbell* has written sufficient to make us regret that he does not oftener appear before the public; and *Mr. Rogers* is a living example that it is possible to be correct without losing any thing in spirit or variety. And yet the present is far from being the AUGUSTAN AGE of England.

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* *A Citizen of the World!* for in this character he has the effrontery to display his ludicrous figure in the print-shops: but more of *Clio Rickman* hereafter, when he will be introduced to the reader in due form.

"Let *bawdry*, *Billingsgate*, my daughter dear,
"Support his front—and *oaths* bring up the rear."

the immature dulness of a *Clarke*, a *Barrett* *, or a *Thurlow*, may fairly recommend them to mercy.

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* Here I was mistaken. It is surprising to see how fast *Mr. Barrett* accelerates towards confirmed dulness. His Bartholomew-Fair Comedy of "My Wife—What Wife?" was a rapid stride: I never beheld a graver audience—half the merriment that attends the representation of one of *Mr. Lewis's* tragedies would have sufficed. Not a smile! Yes, one—of contempt mingled with pity.

I am now about to introduce a curiosity—no less than a *Tragedy*, written by a most surprising genius; one *Thomas Bishop*. Yes, gentle reader,

"For us, and for our tragedy,
"Here stooping to your clemency,
"We beg your hearing patiently."

Mr. Bishop thus unfolds his plot, &c. "This tragedy is founded "on a feast 555 years before Christ, and on facts ancient and mo-"dern; they are blended with other incidents of the present time, "for reform and caution to youth; for terror to the wicked, &c. &c.; "and this is the first piece that was offered with the *curious cha-"racters*, scenery, machinery, and weapons of war that *was* in use "at the above time."—Now for the catastrophe. "*King Koranus-"so* slain—*King Koranuso* titled—*Castenus* made a king after his

Upon what has *already been written* concerning me I have perhaps dealt too largely*; of what re-

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" escape from the jaws of the wild beasts—*Dr. Pill* saved by the " hour-glass—the *Lawyer* escapes by the bonds, &c.—*Lady Straw-* " *berry* poisoned, and her *two Sons* fall *a victim—Mrs. Hector* " *hanged in chains.*."

What a slaughter-house is here! But let me introduce a part of the *Dramatis Personæ.*—" MEN. *King Koramzo*, of Babylon; " *King Zemusia*, of Persia; *Lord Strawberry*; *King Quastenuck*, " after *King Koramzo*; *Prince Lompodo*; *Dr. Pill*; *Dr. Win-* " *terbottom*; *four Lords*; *two Lawyers*; *four Priests*; *two Beef-* " *eaters*; *fourteen Pages*," &c. &c.—WOMEN. *Four Queens*; " *four Ladies*; *Lady Strawberry*, and *two Daughters*; *Mrs.* " *Hector*; *Princess Lompodo*; *Persian and Chaldean Women* " *and Children*; *sixteen Children with white Staffs*; *three Sa-* " *vages*; *five Ghosts*," &c. &c. &c.

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* For the following polite *morceau* I am indebted to an anonymous correspondent.

" *To the Author of the Modern Dunciad.*

" O vilest of the Grub-Street race!

" Compound of all that's mean and base!

means to be written, and I understand that an "*Informatum fulmen*," from a well-known quarter, is

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For the Dialogue, Prologue, Dirge, and Dedication, all of which are originals of their kind, I must refer the reader to the work itself; enough has been already quoted to excite curiosity, which will be amply gratified by an attentive perusal of the whole. But let not *Mr. Bishop* stop here; for, as the present GRAND WORK only employed him three years in composing, may we not hope that, encouraged by his enlightened patron, the *Honourable Frederick Fitzroy*, he will make a still bolder effort, and produce a tragedy, in which not one of the characters shall survive the scene. Verbal

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"Poor wretched grovelling worm of earth,
"To libel *genius*, *taste*, and *worth*;
"With that infernal muse of thine
"To damp the poet's *flame divine*.—
"Shame on thee, ruthless coward, shame!
"To artfully conceal thy name;
"For should'st thou once divulge it, many
"*Would blow thy brains out—if thou'st any!*
"Hie to thy cell, inhuman quiz,
"And may I ne'er behold thy phiz,
"Detested dunce, till, by St. Hilary,
"I see it grinning through the pillory."—

in preparation for me, I am totally indifferent: of *such* satire I had rather be the *subject* than the *Author*. There is, however, one piece of information that I must not withhold from the public; namely, that *Mr. Clarke* has profited by my friendly advice, and, in the concise language of the *Scourge*, "has abandoned the pursuit *of satire* altogether." I most cordially approve of his resolution, and "TRANSEAT IN EXEMPLUM *."

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critics might cavil at *Mr. Bishop's* occasional laxity of grammar, but the daring genius that produced "*Koranzzo's Feast*" could hardly stoop to the conjugation of verbs, and the declension of pronouns: if any fault be discoverable, it is the mode of *Mrs. Hector's* execution. *Hanging* is not an heroic death; she had better have been beheaded. The poisoning of *Lady Strawberry* is very well; but I am in raptures with the fate of her *two sons*, who both fall *a victim*. I must just hint, that although no person of taste will think *Two Pounds* unreasonable for so many Kings, Queens, Ghosts, and Beefeaters, there may be *some* to whom the price may appear exorbitant; although the *Ghosts* themselves are well worth the money.

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* A marvellous change has lately taken place in the opinions of that great poet, *Mr. Thomas Agg*, who (to use his own words) has

been *compelled* to commence and finish a long poem in short verse, called "WATERLOO," which he humbly dedicates to the *Duke of York*. But *Mr. Agg*, though by choice a poet and by trade an auctioneer, is no puffer; for he modestly informs us that his work is full of blunders, in consideration of which, he charges the very trifling sum of *twenty-five shillings*; being twenty shillings for the paper, and five for the poetry. The following stanza only requires to be intelligible to be universally admired:

"Bold is the bard" *(bold indeed!)* "that grasps the thong of
"war,
"Drives his wing'd steeds and guides his thundering car,
"Where havoc stalks, a hydra multiform,
"That, while the whirlwind of the field is high,
"And rival lightnings redden to the sky,
"Surveys the horrors with poetic eye,
"*And models there the echo of the storm*;—
"Dauntless the glance that skims the blasted heath,
"And marks with steady orb the gluttony of death."

To model the echo of a storm is certainly a very singular experiment. I will not venture to say that *Mr. Agg* has completely succeeded, but the attempt was laudable.

"Thus *bad* begins, but *worse* remains behind."

THE

MODERN DUNCIAD.

P. HOW anxious is the Bard, and yet how vain
His wishes:

F. Cease this moralizing strain,
What mortal will peruse it?

P. P'rhaps a few:—

F. Alas! the town has something else to do,
Than read one line of all *thou* shalt indite,
While BYRON, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT, and CROKER write.
'Tis hard—but—

P. Spare thy pity, 'tis my lot;
What some might think a grievance, hurts me not:
The Bard by fashion dragg'd before the scene,
Nor wakes my envy, nor provokes my spleen;
Let venal Scotchmen puff him to the town,
And herald hawkers cry him up and down,
Indiff'rent still, I hear the loud acclaim,
Nor court that noisy strumpet, Common Fame.
Yes! I can bear that envy, hate, and spite,
And cold contempt attend on all I write;
That WILSON'S* ideot, THURLOW'S splayfoot line,
And BARRETT'S† doggrel be preferr'd to mine;

---

* Mr. Wilson, the "*Magnus Apollo*" of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and author of certain rhymes called "The Isle of Palms."

† Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett, Student of the Inner Temple;

"A Clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
"Who pens a stanza, when he should *engross*."

No threats can sway me, no opinions bend,
I care not;—let them censure or commend.
Yet would I speak, but coward fear restrains
The rebel blood just rising in my veins;
Sets my imagination at a stand,
And makes my pen drop harmless from my hand.

F. Why Truth, that arms the Stoic, ne'er can fail—

P. Then Fear for once give way, and Truth prevail.
When I behold in this weak driv'ling age,
Poole, Dibdin, Pocock, Hook, possess the stage;

This gentleman is the author of a poem called "Woman," from which might be extracted many passages that would tend to illustrate the Bathos.

Mr. Barrett has lately obliged the town with "The Heroine," a novel, which Mr. B. *himself* pronounces in his advertisement to be superior in wit to Tristram Shandy, and in spirit and contrivance to Don Quixote! If *impudence* be a qualification for legal advancement, this young man may one day become Attorney-General.

Charm Gallery, Box, and Pit, a *judging* throng!
With Melo-drame, and Pantomime, and song:
See boxing * Y******H in the lists appear,
And * H**KE drive forth a flaming chariotteer;
See COUTTS ape all that Queensb'ry was before,
A palsied, amorous Strephon of fourscore.
Yes! when I hear frail Misses, grey in years,
Scream their lascivious Odes, and rhyming Peers
In little Sonnets, tender, dull, and soft,
Outwhine the mawkish frippery of LOFFT †;

---

* Lord Y*****th and Lord H**ke, the one a Bruiser, the other a Stage-Coachman; both Noblemen, and both * *

Who justly boast
At least superior *Jockeyship*, and claim
The honours of the *Turf* as all *their own*.

† Mr. Capel Lofft, a Sonnet-Writer in the "Monthly Mirror."—

Then, then I boldly rise, and dare the worst—

F. Forbear this railing :—

P. I must speak, or burst.

There was a time when CHURCHILL, bold and coarse,
Gave Wit its point, and Satire all its force;
When POPE, immortal Sat'rist! made his prey
The HERVEYS and the GILDONS of the day;
Dragg'd into light th' abandon'd scribbling crew,
And boldly scourg'd them in the public view:
But *now*, so cheap is praise, there scarce remains
One fool to flatter in our courtly strains.

It is however but justice to allow this gentleman the merit of first introducing to the public that delightful poem, "The Farmer's Boy."—His Introductory Preface, relative to Mr. Bloomfield, is highly interesting, and written with great taste and feeling.

Had they but liv'd to witness *present* times,
What sins, what dulness, had provok'd their rhymes;
Satire unaw'd would then have dar'd to speak,
Till deep conviction glow'd on H**D***T's cheek;
And M*N***s, brainless blockhead! stood confest
The public nuisance, and the public jest.

F. Once more forbear—*thy* proper medium know:—
Degraded names! can Satire stoop so low?
When H**D***T ambles in a courtier's guise,
All know the hoary pimp, and all despise.
Does credence wait on each preposterous tale?
Who cares a jot when AGG† and †M*N***s rail?

---

† Mr. Thomas Agg was formerly a Bookseller at Bristol, where he became a bankrupt; since which, he has written a variety of matter for a publication, now defunct, called, "Town Talk," and

They risk vexatious suits, as well they may,
Who have nor shame, nor wherewithal to pay.
Let them enjoy in secret, dirty souls,
Their miserable bread, and peck of coals;
'Twere cowardice to drag them from their holes.

---

continues writing under the assumed names of Humphrey Hedgehog and Jeremiah Juvenal. He has lately taken up the title of Peter Pindar, and thus confounds his spurious trash with the productions of Doctor Walcott. It is fit that the public should be made acquainted with the deception; the *original* Peter is too often profane, but never dull.

Mr. M*n***s was Editor of the "Satirist," and renowned for throwing as much filth as any of his contemporary Libellers. In person, he bears no small resemblance to the "Phantom Moore," whom Pope describes,

"Of such a bulk as no *twelve bards* could raise,
"Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days."

What can provoke thy Muse? scarce thrice a year
*MATILDA's woeful Madrigals appear;
LEWIS no more the tender maid affrights
With incantations, ravishments, and sprites:
CRUSCA (to GIFFORD thanks!) is fairly fled,
And heavy † WHARTON sleeps among the dead;

---

* Rosa Matilda, as she poetically describes herself, is the daughter of the notorious Jew King; she is a Lady of most versatile talents, and writer of innumerable Odes, Elegies, and Sonnets, as likewise of sundry volumes of "Horrors," in the style of Mr. Lewis's Monk, very terrible and meritorious productions.

† Mr. Wharton has presented the public with a huge Epic, known by the name of "Roncesvalles." I have never been able to muster up sufficient resolution to read this work through: but what I have read, convinces me, that though it contains some beauties, they are only here and there scattered "in the dry desart of a thousand lines."

E'en † WALCOTT's impious blasphemies are o'er,
And ANDREWS' Prologues are the vogue no more.

What can provoke thy Muse?—the blinded school,
Whose greatest boast was that it err'd by rule,
That philosophic horde of fools and knaves
Has fall'n—nor PAINE blasphemes, nor PRIESTLEY raves:
Repenting bigots bow and kiss the rod,
And prostrate nations own the name of God.
Reason, that dang'rous pride of human kind,
For ever soaring, and for ever blind;

† The wit and humour of this writer can never atone for his scandalous disregard of all decency throughout his numerous works. He appears never so much at his ease as when he is ridiculing the Holy Scriptures; a propensity denoting the utmost depravity of heart.

Prone to distrust when tardy to discern,
Too weak to compass, yet too proud to learn;
With shame reviews each ill-digested plan,
And turns with horror from "THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

What can provoke thy Muse?—in silence deep
TOOKE rests—but not in *everlasting sleep**:

---

* During the French Revolution, a Law passed, decreeing the sleep of death to be *eternal*. To such philosophers let me reply in the sublime language of Tully: "*Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter error; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector dum vivo, extorqueri volo; sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irideant.*"

"Yes, I will trust, and triumph in the hope
"Of *immortality*, though fools may jeer.
"If in no *future world* the soul shall wake,
"They never can accuse me of the cheat.—

Another scene awaits his trembling sight,
A gloom more awful, or a blaze more bright!
The veil is rent, the Sceptic's hateful name
Stands justly branded with contempt and shame;
The Christian Banner is again unfurl'd,
And TRUTH once more illumes a falling world.

"So let me die in the delightful dream
"And sweet delusion—of a world to come."

DANIEL.

As I am upon this subject, I cannot help noticing the many attempts that have of late been made to revive a spirit of infidelity in our own country, by the re-publication of "ECCE HOMO," "THE AGE OF REASON," and other blasphemous productions. I am a true friend to the liberty of the press, but when that liberty degenerates into open licentiousness, it is for the strong arm of the law to remedy the evil.

P. All this is true—but still enough remains,
Enough in conscience to provoke my strains.
See THELWALL*, void of decency and sense,
Erect, God wot! a school for eloquence;
The newest style of rhetoric to teach,
And full-grown gentlemen their parts of speech:
While from his tub, GALE JONES†, Sedition's sprite,
Nonsense with sense confounds, and wrong with right;

---

* Mr. Thelwall continues "tuning his voice, and balancing his hands" at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields: "preacher at once, and *Zany* of the age."

† This miserable object was formerly the Hero of a Forum, where a parcel of "*Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones,*" used to assemble to discuss the measures of government. It was a ludicrous sight to behold the Westminster Electors shaking hands with him the day he was liberated from Newgate. The Westminster Electors!—"If I

Rants, bounces, capers, a fantastic show!

To scare the shilling orators below.

Prolific PASQUIN plies th' eternal quill,

FITZGERALD rhymes, and COBBETT * proses still;

Hoarse CLIO RICKMAN'S† Sonnets bay the moon,

CLIO, a poet, patriot, and buffoon.

---

am not ashamed of my company, I am a soused Gurnet! There was but a shirt and a half in the whole regiment."

---

* I am almost ashamed to mention this degraded man: the days of sedition are I hope now gone by: I shall therefore dismiss him with the following Epigram:

Cobbett is free in act and thought,
Deception he was never chid for:—
A *Patriot*, he was never *bought*,
Or rather, he was never *bid for*.

---

† This man, whose person is perhaps better known than his writings, is a contributer of Odes and Sonnets to the Monthly Maga-

GODWIN * pursues his philosophic schemes,
And rapt in trance, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT † dreams;
JEFFREY turns Critic, but betrays his trust,
And hot-prest LITTLE ‡ breathes the soul of lust;

---

zines. He is an avowed admirer of the New French School of Philosophy, and a staunch advocate for "The Rights of Man." He parades the streets in a strange garb, to the no small entertainment of the mob, who, like Clio, are in general great sticklers for *freedom*. N. B. He has no passion for *clean linen*.

---

* William Godwin, *the Philosopher*.

---

† This wretched imposter is lately dead: her followers kept up the delusion until the last; and, strange to tell, many of them are waiting in full confidence of her *second coming*, when it seems all her predictions are to be fulfilled.

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‡ I was much surprised to find Lord Ellenborough praising Mr. Moore's poetry at a late trial. After this, let us hear no more of indictments for publishing things "*Contra bonos mores*." The

While chaste MINERVA* kindly lends her aid
To calm the scruples of each wishful maid.
Lo, mad enthusiasts, would-be saints, stand forth,
Sworn foes to godlike genius, private worth,
With furious zeal attack e'en SHAKSPEARE's fame†,
And hurl their pois'nous darts at GARRICK's name;

Attorney-General too, with his usual facetiousness, complimented Mr. Twiss's Poetical talents.—Mr. Horace Twiss *a Poet!*—"O name it not in Gath!"

---

* The Minerva Library in Leadenhall-Street, a well-known repository for dulness and obscenity.

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† The following Criticism is taken from the Third Volume of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, Part I. page 76.—Art. Twiss's 'Verbal Index of Shakspeare.' "He (i. e. Shakspeare) has been called, and justly too, the poet of nature; a slight acquaintance with the religion of the Bible will shew, however, that it is of human nature in its worst shape, deformed by the basest passions, and agitated by the most

And while they talk of *truth*, of *candour* rave,
Insult the dead, and violate the grave.

---

vicious propensities, that the poet became the priest; and the incense offered at the altar of his goddess still continues to spread its *poisonous fumes* over the hearts of his countrymen, till the memory of his works *is extinct*. Thousands of unhappy spirits, and thousands yet to increase the number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to their guilty delights."—And again—"what *Christian* can pass through the most venerable pile of sacred architecture which our metropolis can boast, without having his best feelings insulted by observing within a few yards of the spot from which prayers and praises are daily offered to the Most High, the *absurd and impious Epitaph* upon the tablet raised to *one of the miserable retailers of his impurities?* Our readers, who are acquainted with London, will discover that it is the inscription upon DAVID GARRICK, in Westminster Abbey, to which we refer."

To the ravings of these illiterate field-preachers, I shall only oppose one short sentence, written by DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON: "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury the adamant of SHAKSPEARE!"

In Magazines vile anecdotes appear,
And deal out dirty scandal through the year;
For desp'rate libellers, when duns assail,
Dare lawsuits, whips, the pillory, and the jail.
This HEWSON CLARKE* can tell, misguided youth,
What demon lur'd him from the path of truth,

---

* Now stop your noses, readers all, and some,
For here's a tun of *midnight work* to come!

The "pertinacious, and never-enough quoted," Mr. Hewson Clarke, of whose birth and parentage I know nothing, but with whose talents and pursuits I am somewhat better acquainted, was educated at Cambridge. According to his own statement (for Mr. Clarke has favoured the public with a biographical account of himself in the Third Number of the "Scourge," written, it would seem, by a third person, but in reality penned by himself,) he is the author of numerous and successful writings, chiefly *anonymous*. But what these numerous and successful writings consist of, it were impossible to say, except indeed I name a lamentable production in rhyme,

With low ambition fill'd his canker'd mind,

To entertain the basest of mankind?

---

called, "The Art of Pleasing;" and a principal part of the ribaldry and scurrility which have appeared in the Satirist, Scourge, and Theatrical Inquisitor. But hear we what Mr. Clarke himself says, "Every one of his (mind of *Mr. Clarke's)* productions has been composed in haste, and sent to the press without revision; *(so I should guess)* his Sonnets *(I had forgotten them)* have not been ushered into the world after undergoing the ordeal of private criticism, nor his Essays *(still born)* assisted in their circulation by the officiousness of honourable friends, and the puffs of dependant Critics."—It is to be lamented that a person like Mr. Clarke, who has had the advantage of a decent education, should have so far degraded himself as to associate with a herd of pestilent scribblers for the propagation of scandal. Of Mr. Clarke's private character I know nothing: I speak only of his literary one, which is sufficiently notorious to call for censure. Let him remember that the profession of a libeller is a dangerous one:

——————— What street, what lane but knows

His purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?

O! may he late for all his sins atone,

And while he gains their ears, *preserve his own**.

And therefore take the advice of honest Stephano—"While thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head."

---

* Warburton says, "Scribblers have not the common sense of *other vermin*, who commonly abstain from mischief when they see any of their kind gibbetted, or nailed up as terrible examples."

I am sorry to find that Mr. Clarke has totally mistaken the meaning of my *wish*, which was most charitably intended: it is simply this—"May his (*i. e.* Mr. Clarke's) sins meet with late retribution; and while he gains the ears of mankind, may he long preserve *his own*." That I considered Mr. Clarke's ears in some danger, from the nature of his writings; and that the above wish was meant for their preservation, I can honestly declare. I hope Mr. Clarke will therefore remain satisfied.

The above note, upon Mr. Clarke's ears, is sufficiently explanatory.

SCRIBLERUS.

Behold yon gorgeous sign that swings in air,
(A well-known refuge for the sons of Care)
There meet a pyebald race, who cautious creep
From garrets high, or in night-cellars sleep;
The courtier bland, the opposition churl,
To taste the sweets of politics and purl.
There needy scribes, whose trade is to abuse,
Forge lies and scandal for the next day's news;
There Whig and Tory wrangle, blockheads twain,
And VETUS* drops th' abortions of his brain;
There sits BRITANNICUS and heaves a groan
For *England's* debts, unmindful of *his own;*
There party-drudges for one party scrawl,
And baser hirelings who are slaves to all;

* An obscure letter-writer in the "Times" newspaper.

There whines *Morality*, a canting monk;
There roars *Reform*, heroically drunk;
Stern *Patriotism* tries new schemes to find
To serve his country, and to cheat mankind;
There the vile quack * invents his pois'nous pill,
By royal patent privileg'd to kill;
And there the atheist's nightly thunders roll,
That to destroy the body, this the soul.

---

* I beg leave to offer the following epitaph as a very appropriate one for either Doctor B**d*m, or Doctor S*l*m*n.

Here rests, fast laid upon his back,
That dang'rous animal, a quack.
He undertook to cure all ills
By his most efficacious pills;
He told folks they should ne'er complain,
For he would quickly ease their pain;
He kept his word, 'twas strange he durst,
They could'nt speak—*he kill'd 'em first.*

Then ask no more—yet if a doubt remain,
Why thus to satire I devote my strain;
With this reply be satisfied at once,
While Bowles* exists, can satire want a dunce?

---

* The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, "a Parson much bemus'd in beer."—It would be a work of no small labor to wade through the various productions of this reverend bard. Odes, Epics, and Sonnets innumerable, "pass in long review." Let the following extracts suffice.—A Poem, called "Time's Holiday," affords a beautiful specimen of rural simplicity:

"Golden lads and lasses gay,
Now is life's sweet holiday;
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Next comes a description of Loutherbourg's scene in France, where Mr. Bowles endeavours to be witty:

"And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon *his phiz*,
And panting cry'd, "*Oh, Lord, how hot it is!*"

Bowles who hath cherish'd as a costly pearl,
The horse-play, dull obscenity of Curl;
Th' accumulated trash of Smedley's page,
For why?—to vent on Pope his puny rage.

We have then "*skiey blue*," "*bluey fading hills*," and a large mass of verse, 'yclept, "The Sylph of Summer, or Air," being part of a projected Poem on the Elements. All this might be passed over; but why take up his pen against Pope? Could he suppose that he was rendering a service to literature, by defaming one of its brightest ornaments? But enough of Mr. Bowles and his works: we may forgive a blockhead "that little dares and little means;" but not one that dares *much*, and means *nothing*.

"More last words of Mr Baxter!"—Mr. Bowles has lately published a poem, called "The Missionary," *corpus sine pectore!* full of his usual affected prettiness of style. I have heard of one John Taylor, the *water* Poet; Mr. B. may be christened the *milk and water* Poet.

Is it not hard, (my friend) nay doubly hard,
A sorry Critic and more sorry Bard,
Whose jaded Pegasus 'yclept divine,
Cries out for quarter at the fourteenth line;
Should for base lucre*, (oh, how vilely won!)
Complete what RALPH and DENNIS left undone?
Thus urg'd, thus prompted by the warm desire
To vindicate the genius I admire;
To add at least my humble meed of praise,
To names rever'd in BRITAIN's brighter days;
To strip the poet of his false sublime,
(Then BOWLES, the Lord have mercy on *thy* rhyme!)
And shew that Critics may at times appear
In praise too cold, in censure too severe;

---

* Mr. Bowles, I understand, got *three hundred pounds* for his edition of Pope.

I take the pen—when folly met his eye,

DEMOCRITUS would laugh—and so must I *.

Now to begin—nor distant need we roam,

Kind fate hath sent us fools enough at home;

Our modern poets, bounteous in th' extreme,

Rhyme on, and make waste paper by the ream.

Five thousand lines compos'd—a modest stint!

Next WESTALL must design, and BULMER print;

Then bound with care, and hot-press'd ev'ry sheet,

The wonder-working quarto shines complete.

Forth comes the promis'd work in all its pride,

The author simpers, and the wits decide;

---

* IMITATION.

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

POPE.

Is the verse smooth; O, then 'tis call'd divine!
And loud-approving Coxcombs cry, "*D—d fine**!"
Behold a gaping crowd that never tire!
See Busby †, worthy son of such a sire,

---

* IMITATION.

Lost in amaze at language so divine,
The audience hiccup, and exclaim, "d—d fine!"

GIFFORD.

---

† Mr. George Frederick Busby, son of the renowned Doctor of that name; notorious for publicly reading his father's translation of Lucretius to the nobility and gentry, and exposing himself upon a well-known occasion at Drury Lane Theatre. It was my intention to have selected a variety of passages from the Doctor's translation, to give the reader some idea of this young gentleman's modesty in undertaking the task of recitation: but as the work has scarcely ever reached beyond the circle of Dr. Busby's subscribers, I shall not drag from its merited oblivion the language of a Brothel.

It has been announced that *Master George* is about to inflict upon the public a translation of the "Thebaid of Statius."—Will no good

(For truth must own when all is said and done,
The father's *pertness* centres in the son:)
Straining with all his might 'gainst mood and tense,
To make the DOCTOR's fustian sound like sense.
He views the audience with theatric stare,
His hands with equal motion saw the air;
His voice in dulcet cadence taught to float,
Seems the shrill pipings of an eunuch's throat:
Assembled thus, our sapient nobles sit
To hear how BUSBY, not LUCRETIUS, writ.
If now and then a sentiment exprest
In language more indecent than the rest,
Strike the attentive ear;—with fond regard,
A hundred hands are rais'd to clap the bard:

Christian dissuade this young man from an attempt that must render him doubly ridiculous in the eyes of the world?

The Marchioness adores the charming man,
F**z******t leers, and J*r**y flirts her fan;
While doating H**d***t, tickled to the core,
Starts up entranc'd, and ambles at threescore.

Vain Scribbler! and is this, this all thy aim,
Art thou content with transitory fame;
Fame, that shall haunt thee living, d—n thee dead?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, thus art thou fed?

But what avails, if faithless to my trust
I hide (you cry) my talent in the dust?
Why am I learn'd? Why—Stop this vaunting tone!
Is learning nothing then, till fairly known?
But still (you straight rejoin) how sweet the sound
To hear the murmur of applause go round,—

" That's he," (the finger pointed all the while)
" Renown'd for wit and elegance of style;
Whom Critic MAWMAN* puffs, whose senseless
whine
Bœotian BUCHAN† quotes, and calls divine."

Stark metre-mad, the lovesick EDWIN sends
Of jingling splayfoot verse, some odds and ends
To driv'lling *****, in whose Magazine
Th' invet'rate sons of dulness vent their spleen;

---

* Brother Mawman the bookseller, and Brother Salte the linen-draper, published a few years since " A Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland." Brother Mawman is suspected of dabbling in the " Critical Review."

† It seems that the Earl of Buchan received Doctor Busby's proposals " with a *refined frankness*."

Proud of the gift so graciously bestow'd,
He prints *the thing* which EDWIN calls an Ode.
How LAURA smiles! What less can LAURA do?
It gives her beauties that she never knew,
'Tis so pathetic! who unmov'd can read?
MELISSA faintly whispers, "Sad indeed!"
In ecstacies LUCRETIA dies away,
And EDWIN grows immortal—for a day!

And is not now the author truly blest,
By Critics flatter'd, by the fair caress'd?
Shall not his praise by future bards be sung,
When envious death has stopp'd his tuneful tongue?

F. By trade a censor, and resolv'd to sneer,
You drive the jest too far; 'tis too severe

To brand a blockhead in your angry strains,

For what he cannot help—his want of brains!

P. Be answer'd thus—his itching after fame,

His bold obtrusive vanity I blame;

Not the true *dulness* that inspires his lays,

But the false *pride* that makes him covet praise.

F. Then censure all mankind, for who is free?

The flame that warms their bosoms dwells with thee.

In search of fame the soldier travels far,

The smirking lawyer courts it at the bar;

Th' intrepid seaman wins it at his post,

The man of virtue when he shuns it most;

The anxious poet claims it as his due,

And (pr'ythee speak with candour) so do you.

P. Thus candid, I reply—if now and then

Success attend the labours of my pen,

If those who buy my works, and those who read,
Applaud—and that's a rarity indeed!
I'm not so proud, so squeamishly severe,
But honest Fame is pleasing to mine ear.
But that I write for *that* short-liv'd renown
Which FASHION gives the vot'ries of the town,
I cannot grant—for mark! the gift divine
Was DARWIN'S once, and BUSBY may be thine.

Athirst for Fame, which Magazines, Reviews,
Too coy, deny the labours of his muse;
MY LORD (what will not *vanity* afford?)
Invites a host of Critics to his board;
Some creeping, slip-shod hirelings of the day,
Whom COLBURN* treats with "double pots and pay."

* Mr. Colburn, proprietor of "The New Monthly Magazine," a work composed of the very sweepings of Grub Street.

"My friends," he cries, "speak freely, tell me plain,
What say the public to my epic strain?"
Will *they* speak truth, too poor to be sincere?
But I may surely whisper in thine ear,
I who abhor a bribe;—then this—thy rhymes
In dulness rival past and present times;
So lame—the weary audience think they see
Old SETTLE's doggrel new reviv'd by thee;
So bad—that worse will ne'er be seen again
Unless thou should'st resume thy scribbling vein.

From such pursuits 'twould turn thy trifling mind,
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind;
To mark the lolling tongue, the side-long leer,
The pointed finger, the contemptuous sneer,

And all the silent mock'ries of the town
That ridicule thy title to renown:
But thou must feast on flattery all thy days,
And be the dupe of ev'ry blockhead's praise*.

---

* Doctor Busby, or (as he is frequently called) *Doctor Energy*, from his constant use of the terms "*energy*" and "*energetic*," is very profuse of his compliments to those authors who subscribed to his translation of Lucretius: we have names "unknown to Phœbus" enumerated for a whole page together. Lord Thurlow's "Hermilda in Palestine" is said to have afforded much pleasure to the lovers of *fine poetry;* and Major James has a long paragraph dedicated to *his* poetical talents. Next to the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus, Doctor Busby is undoubtedly the most profound explorer of the *Bathos;* take the following as a specimen—

"From her this first, this sovereign rule I bring,
All Nature's substances from substance spring,
The gods from nothing ne'er made any thing."

But the most wonderful effort of all, is the Doctor's account of

For mark *their* judgment, hear *their* quaint reply—

—When genius rears its head shall slander die?

A brother's fame what brother bard endures?

Thus envy follows merit great as yours.

You try the epic strain—in colours true

A second HOMER rises forth to view!

All hearts *you* captivate, all tastes *you* hit,

With HAMMOND'S tenderness, and PRIOR'S wit.—

"*Atoms*."—"These, (*i. e.* the atoms) moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, concussing, rebounding, combining, amassing according to their smooth, round, angular, and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate. The more clearly and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as the coalition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare," &c. &c.—Very new and very learned. Who is this after? Johnson, I suppose—*and a long while after him too.*

Thus flatter'd by the minions of his board,

Who struts, who swells, who scribbles like My Lord?

The following impromtu was written on reading Doctor Busby's List of Subscribers to his translation of Lucretius.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito!

PLAUTUS.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these *little men!*

"Good Doctor! what a motley tribe
Thy zeal has tempted to subscribe,"
(Cry'd Phœbus in amaze;)
"Pert wits, who murder sense and time
As Dulness prompts, in prose and rhyme,
For profit, pride, or praise.

"What mortal ever heard the names
Of *Caryafort* or *Major James*,
Twin brethren of the quill?

And soon he rises in a feverish dream
A first-rate poet—in his own esteem.

Who, (harmless scribblers!) strange to tell,
Were never prais'd for writing well,
Or blam'd for writing ill.

"If thou wert bent, with heart so hard,
To crucify the Roman bard,
And sacrifice his fame,
What need hadst thou, devoid of grace,
To summon all the Grub-Street race,
To testify his foul disgrace,
And glory in his shame?

"So Vulcan, in a jealous pet,
Caught Mars and Venus in a net;
And then, their fame to ruin,
Invited (rude uncivil bear!)
The gods and goddesses to stare,
And laugh at their undoing."

THURLOW* (alas! will THURLOW *never* tire?)
New points his dulness, and new strings his lyre;
That lyre which rang the praises in our ears
Of "godlike" princes, and "transcendant" peers;
And rashly gave (the oddest whim on earth)
To SPENCER† talents, and to HOLLAND worth;

---

* Were Lord Thurlow's talents equal to his industry, he would be the greatest poet that ever lived: but what he lacks in *quality*, he makes up in *quantity*. In addressing His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, he uses the following most miraculous ascription:—"*Thames by thy victories is set on fire!*"—Posterity (should any book of Lord Thurlow's ever reach posterity) will, no doubt, highly blame the historian for suppressing this act of the *royal Incendiary*.

† Lord Spencer is a most amiable and munificent nobleman.—I think the epithet applied to his Lordship's talents is "*super-human*." Lord Thurlow should be cautious of drawing ridicule upon his friends by such indiscriminate praise.

With quick dispatch his teeming brain unloads,
Then issue forth Acrostics, Sonnets, Odes;
Loud empty bombast, flights of false sublime,
Not prose indeed—but tortur'd prose in rhyme.

F. Shall Blood Patrician no distinction claim?
Dwell there no virtues in a noble name?
Is TITLE nothing? WEALTH? Pray learn for once
One grain of prudence:—

P. To respect a DUNCE!
Bow, flatter, dedicate, and bend the knee,
A mean dependant—this advice to me?
No, let me rather in affected drawl,
Write hymns with COLLYER*, idiot tales with BALL†;

---

* The following verses are extracted from a book of hymns, written by Doctor Collyer.

Turn Commentator grave, and pore content
To find a meaning where there's nothing meant;
Than shield from censure undeserving strains,
Because, forsooth, they spring from noble brains.

" Leaning on thy dear *faithful* breast
May I resign my breath;
And in thy *soft embraces* lose
The bitterness of death.

" In the *shelter of thy side*,
Wounded by the cruel spear,
From impending wrath *I hide*,
Wrath which cannot reach me here.

" From thy head, thy hands, thy feet,
Flows the purifying flood;
See! *I plunge*,—I rise to meet
Justice reconcil'd by blood."

Had the first verse been addressed to his Anna, his Delia, or his

Not fools alone, as mad examples strike;

This metromania reigns in all alike:

Both wit and dunce the restless muse inspires

With equal rage, though not with equal fires;

Not Byron stands acquitted of the crime,

A promise made in prose, he breaks in rhyme.

Laura Maria, it would not have been so much out of character. But what have we in the sequel? The Doctor *hiding* himself in the shelter of his Saviour's *side*, and *plunging* into his *blood!* Can any thing be more indecent than such expressions?

---

† "The Idiot Boy; a Spanish *Tale of Pity*," written by Mr. Edward Ball, and *pitiful* enough in all conscience; take the following as a sample:—

"O Lady, all the valley *sigh*
For such an helpless spirit fled,
Who can restrain the humid eye?
Know Clara's Idiot Boy is dead."

Harmony, Metre, and Grammar!

Hark! Printers' Devils say, or seem to say,—
"No rest have we, FITZGERALD*, night or day;
For thee, vain man, a weary watch we keep,
Nor sleep enjoy—although thy readers sleep.
Does SOUTHEY pause, or paper-staining SCOTT
One moment's respite grant, a page to blot;
Thy hobbling Pegasus, a sorry hack,
Still faintly drawls to keep us on the rack.
Should e'er the fates condemn thee for thy crimes,
(For thou to *Sense* art traitor in thy rhymes,)
For paper wasted, ink so idly spilt,
Yet kindly bid thee chuse what death thou wilt;

* Mr. Fitzgerald is a very loyal, voluminous, and dull writer. I shall not attempt to analyse his numerous productions, which may extend to some twenty thousand lines. Mr. Fitzgerald is prologue-speaker to the Literary Fund; and in this instance, I admire his principles more than his poetry.

Think, think on CLARENCE; he (a bold design!)
Resolv'd to perish by his favourite wine;
Thy volumes round thy neck to make thee sink,
O! let 'em drown thee in thy *favourite ink!*"

Where old Blackfriars pours her sable sons,
A mingled tribe of Critics, Bards, and Duns,
Dwelt PHILLIPS, an industrious plodding Wight,
And by the king's good favour dubb'd a *Knight;*
A bookseller was he, and sooth to say,
Not NICHOLS* had more authors in his pay.

---

* Nothing disrespectful is intended by the introduction of this gentleman's name; it is with pleasure that I behold, in a green old age, one of the last members of the venerable *Johnsonian School.* "Fortunate Senex!" the recollection of his past days must be peculiarly grateful, when, in the decline of life, he beholds

At Verse and Prose so ready were the host,
'Twas emulation which should scribble most;
And PRATT himself would undertake an ode,
In one short ramble on the Hampstead Road.
But high above the rest, distinguish'd far,
As Bard and *Tourist*, shone the mighty CARR!
Of scribes the chief! and once upon a time
The undisputed lord of prose and rhyme.
Hist'ries he wrote, and etchings he would draw
Of towns and cities—which he never saw:—

---

those bright stars, which once illumined the literary horizon, partaking of that immortality which is reserved for genius and virtue. Mr. Nichols is a man of unblemished worth and considerable talents; his "Literary Anecdotes" form one of the most entertaining books in our language.

And travell'd daily o'er much foreign land,
(More wond'rous still!)—in Bridge-Street or the
Strand*.—
And hence arose, with all his boasted care,
Some odd mistakes, which made the reader stare.
Thus German dames were *beauteous* to the sight,
The French profoundly *grave*, the Dutch *polite;*
The Scotch *unwarlike*, and St. Patrick's sons
Too *dull* by half to relish jokes and puns†.

---

* "O day and night but this is wond'rous strange!" exclaims some astonished reader, who is unacquainted with the mysteries of Sir Richard's manufactory; but his wonder will cease when he is informed that Sir John Carr is one of those gentlemen who perform their travels up four pair of stairs. It was not until the appearance of "My Pocket Book" that the public were completely let into the secret of Sir John's Art of Book-making.

† The Irish are by nature punsters: the following may serve as a specimen of an Irish pun, or blunder.

Did Critics sneer at some unlucky *guess?*
Sir John's own bulls were—errors of the press:
And lest upon his back the rod should fall,
The printer's devils were to blame for all.
But soon Sir Richard found, (sagacious elf!)
The Knight lov'd money, and his works the shelf;
Whereat Sir Richard, of his bargain sick,
And heartily repenting of the trick,
Consign'd the *quartos* to a different fate,
And eas'd his counter of their pond'rous weight;
To pastry-cooks dispers'd them sheet by sheet,
By which Sir John was read in every street;

Says Johnny to Paddy, "this river I'd cross,
But where to take water I'm quite at a loss."
"*Take water!*" cries Pad, "why I'm all in a shiver!
You fool, an't there water enough in the river?"

Propitiation just, by all confest,

For martyr'd truth, "and history made a jest*."

Some love a jingling rhyme with all their heart,

Where love and nonsense bear an equal part;

Like Rosa's sonnets, in themselves a host,

Rosa, the Sappho of the Morning Post;

Or Hafiz' Madrigals, but rarely seen,

A heap of sounding words which nothing mean.

Some authors love in epic strains to soar,

And swell to be what Homer was before;

Thus *Aspern's* day and *Talavera's* fight,

Have made some scribblers in their own despight.

---

* IMITATION.

"Truth sacrific'd, and History made a jest."

Gifford.

Others the dupes of an infectious rage,
Ransack the dulness of a former age;
For rare, moth-eaten parchments search the land,
And poring much, but little understand.
There *mote* you spy the pedant deep *y-read*,
In useless heaps of learned lumber dead,
Damning all modern wit as dull, absurd,
Since the bright days of CAXTON and DE WORD.
So when some Virtuoso* *smuggles* home
The mutilated blocks of Greece and Rome,
Heads, noses, arms, our curious eyes engage,
We prize their *beauty* much, but more their *age;*

---

* I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing an epigram upon a certain Virtuoso.

Noseless himself, he brings home noseless blocks,
To shew what *time* has done, and what the ***!

Not CHANTREY's art so wonderful appears,

It wants the sanction of *three thousand years.*

How oft some new-fledg'd bardling on the wing,

Essays a puny flight, and tries to sing,

Whose trifling muse by folly nurtur'd long,

Ne'er soar'd above a rebus or a song.

On *frozen* banks the purple *violets* rise,

And *roses* bloom beneath *December* skies;

For contrarieties in place and time

Our poets think allowable in rhyme*.

* Mr. W. Taylor, author of "Parnassian Wild Shrubs," begins his volume as follows—

Ever pleasing! *ever new!*

Never tiresome to the view!

To doggrel verse, where sense is never found,
(An easy task) we give the charm of sound:
Thus,—" With *percussive* palm the door assails*,
" Now scrapes the gritty wall with bleeding nails,
" Now running round, help! help! with shrill alarms,
" *Help! help! help! help!* and writhes her *frantic arms.*
" O live, my joy, my solace! sobs she wild;
" Why do you gaze on me, my heav'nly child?

Novelty! of varied hue,
Much I love to gaze on *you*,
Thou who ever art *the same.*

---

* See "Woman," a Poem, written by the profound Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Barrett make a very tolerable pair; Mr. Taylor has more absolute dulness, and Mr. Barrett more empty conceitedness; Mr. Taylor whines, and Mr. Barrett frisks;—but I will pursue the parallel no further, for there is no settling the point of precedence between a *Louse* and a *Flea*.

"She sees not, hears not! Speak, in mercy move!

"Here, here is *milk*—awake, my love, my love!!"

F. All this is sorry trash, and well may claim

The rod of satire—hear a nobler name:—

—"Of man's first disobedience,"—

P. Stop, I pray;

Nor with our would-be poets of the day

Name ONE, who, hateful prejudice apart,

Has reach'd the glorious summit of his art!

Let modern poetasters rhyme their fill,

To charm an hour we've POPE and MILTON still;

And solitude shall never fail to please,

While it can boast companions such as these.

Hence all ye little bards!

F. Restrain thy gall,

Does *modern* merit claim no praise at all?

Shall not applause attend on SOUTHEY's strain?
Must BYRON, SCOTT, and ROGERS sing in vain?

P. Think not to such, applause I would deny,
Or view their beauties with a jaundic'd eye;
I mark each nobler effort of the lyre,
I feel a poet's warmth, and must admire.
But when you speak of that poor bauble, FAME;—
How few deserve it! Yet what numbers claim.

To SOUTHEY, well-combin'd, at once belong
Truth, grandeur, force, variety of song;
All that exalted genius can inspire,
A poet's rashness, with a poet's fire.
But still his faults (this candour must allow
Spite of the courtly laurel on his brow)
Would mar the force of many a modern rhyme,
And quite obscure a genius less sublime.

Whene'er I read (nor think me too severe)
Aught childish in his works that grates my ear*,
I turn to "MADOC's" grand, sublimer lays,
And hate the line that speaks in his dispraise.

F. To SCOTT you'll grant some portion of renown;
The man has pleas'd—

P. Aye, surfeited the town†.—

---

* Mr. Southey has written much unmeaning bombast, not to say downright absurdity, since his appointment to the Laureatship: who can read with patience his congratulatory Odes, beginning with "Conqueror, deliverer, friend of human-kind;" "Frederick the well-belov'd," and "Prince of the mighty Isle."—Virgil's fame rests upon *one* Epic Poem; Mr. Southey has already written three times that number; yet after all, I fear Virgil will be reckoned the greater poet.

† It was a saying of Voltaire's, with reference to the number of his own writings, "that an author could never reach posterity with such a load at his back." Mr. Scott has written much good and bad

How versatile his talents! full of whim:—
Bard, courtier, critic, all combin'd in him;
And much I wish that he had spar'd his pains
To edit Swift, and mangle Dryden's strains.
Stifled with praise—and such, as I can say,
I never gain'd, and hope I never may;
His careless muse neglects a nobler aim,
And looks not to posterity for fame.
Some deep romantic scene, where mould'ring time
Has mark'd each tow'r and battlement sublime;
Where barbarous mirth, revenge, and feudal rage
Shew the rude manners of a former age;
Romances, by tradition only known,
He paints with life and vigour all his own.

---

poetry, and *revision* is absolutely necessary before his works can be received into the temple of Immortality.

The town is plea'sd when Byron * will rehearse,
And finds a thousand beauties in his verse;
So fix'd his fame—that write whate'er he will,
The patient public must admire it still;
Yes,—though bereft of half his force and fire,
They still must read,—and, dozing, must admire;

---

* Lord Byron, like Mr. Scott, has raised a host of vile imitators: "Safie, an Eastern Tale," by J. H. Reynolds, after Lord B's manner, opens with this rhapsody:

"Oh! peace had long rested in Assad's haram,
Till the clang of arms, the war's alarum,
Had scar'd the meek-ey'd damsel *from*
Her fair abode, her smiling *home*.
Happiest Assad! then wast thou sharing
The smiles of a maiden fair and free,
As e'er whisper'd love is melody;
Ever fulfilling, and ever declaring,
She kiss'd thee hence, when the steed was mounted," &c. &c.

While you and I, who stick to common sense,
To genius, taste, and wit, have no pretence.
Throughout the whole we toil to understand;
Where'er we tread—'tis strange, 'tis foreign land;
Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain
Require a glossary to make them plain.
Beauties there are, which candour bids me own,
Atone for these—for more than these atone:—
Beauties—which e'en the coldest must admire—
Quick, high-wrought passion—true poetic fire—
Bold, energetic language—thoughts sublime—
And all the artful cadences of rhyme.

Nor less, for sterling genius, I admire
Rogers' pure style, and Campbell's noble fire;

MONTGOMERY'S* strain to taste and feeling true,
That speaks the poet and the Christian too.
Blest be the man with all that fame can give,
Who burst the negro's chain, and bade him live;
Blest be the bard with glory's brightest meed,
Whose glowing verse immortaliz'd the deed.
Far as th' Atlantic rolls his rapid stream,
A race shall hail the poet and his theme;
And waft the sound to Guinea's distant shore,
That tells her children they are slaves no more.

* Mr. Montgomery's poems are distinguished for piety, tenderness, and high poetical painting; his "World before the Flood," making allowance for some few inequalities, is a noble production; the Death of Adam and Eve, in the Fourth Canto, is above all praise. Let Mr. Montgomery continue to be guided by his own good taste; posterity will at least do him justice, and his works will be read and esteemed when those of his more successful contemporaries are no longer remembered.

The praise we justly give to truth divine,

Who can withhold from CRABBE's* unerring line?

---

* Mr. Crabbe is in reality a bard of the old school; displaying an odd mixture of energy, and coarseness; of sublimity, and ludicrous punning; of polished versification, and careless metre. I quote the following passage for the sake of its oddity. It might pass for an excellent *caricature* imitation of Mr. Crabbe's general style.

" Us'd to spare meals, dispos'd in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure;
Where by the *steaming beef* he hungry sat,
And laid at once *a pound* upon his plate;
The swelling fat in lumps *conglomorate* laid,
And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the *Cook*;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of *farinaceous* food;
With bacon, *mass saline*, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen:

A bard by no pedantic rules confin'd,
A rigid painter of the human mind.
And long as nature in her simplest guise,
Or virtuous sensibility we prize,
Of well-earn'd fame no poet shall enjoy
A juster tribute than "THE FARMER'S BOY*."

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds, who *cut and come again*—
She could not breathe; but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye;
She minc'd the sanguine flesh in *frustrums* fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine."

This is a description of a Farmers' Dinner, "*Con amore.*"

---

* "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield; one of the most beautiful Rural Poems in the English language.

Hail to departed worth!—see Scotland turns
With trembling hand, to deck the tomb of BURNS *.
Ah, spare the fame such frail memorials give!
In his own works enshrin'd the bard shall live.

---

* I observe that Scotland is about to erect a monument to the memory of Robert Burns. I hope she will not fail to inscribe upon it, how *nobly* she rewarded his talents. She took him from the plough, made him an *exciseman*, irritated his mind with indignities and disappointments, and ultimately gave him up to an untimely grave. The lively sallies of the Ayrshire bard startled the plodding dulness of his insensible countrymen;—the bigotted brethren of the northern metropolis beheld, with an evil eye, a poet who exposed their vices, ridiculed their superstition, and despised their ignorance. It is true that some kindred spirits stood forward as the friends of genius in distress; but what could the exertions of a few enlightened individuals do, in opposition to the combined efforts of fools in power? Scotland has much to answer for on the score of treachery: avarice once bribed her to deliver up her *king*, and has since prompted her to sacrifice her *poets*.

Of humble birth, but with a taste refin'd,
An adverse fortune with a god-like mind,
He silent bore, but keenly felt the smart,
'Till bitter disappointment broke his heart.
O! when releas'd, his ardent spirit fled,
How envy smil'd, how virtue mourn'd the dead,
And Scotland's hills heard ev'ry tongue proclaim
The minstrel's glory and his country's shame.—
Then with the poet's fate inscribe his bust;
In life despis'd, and canoniz'd in dust.

Hail to departed worth! o'er COWPER's bier*
Let genius pause,—and drop her holiest tear:

---

* I never think upon Cowper but with the strongest emotions of pity and admiration; and I can never bring myself to believe that the awful malady, under which he laboured, arose (as has been too

To WHITE's* cold turf a weeping pilgrim turn,
And crown with bays her GRAHAME's† hallow'd urn:

---

often hinted,) from a sense of his having once "*lived without God in the world:*"

"*True piety* is cheerful as the day"—

are his own words: let us not therefore suppose that *his* religion was tinctured with melancholy, or that any former *indiscretions* could have caused those dreadful moments of despair which stand recorded in his life. It was an evil inflicted by the hand of the Almighty.

I cannot close this note without making some slight mention of one, whose memory must be dear to all true lovers of genius and virtue; one, whose extensive learning, amiable manners, and high attainments, have done honour to his country, and to mankind—

---

* Henry Kirke White, who died at Cambridge.

† The late Rev. James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," "British Georgics," &c. &c. an excellent poet, and most amiable man.

'Twas their's to shun the poet's flowery way,
Of them religion ask'd a nobler lay;
And well their lives its sacred influence caught,
And justified the precepts which they taught.
Religion, meek, benevolent, refin'd,
Breathes universal love to all mankind;
And acting on this principle alone,
Weeps for another's sorrows as her own.

---

the late Richard Cumberland—"*Magnum et venerabilé nomen!*" As a poet, his reputation is firmly established by his "Calvary," and many other pieces of sterling merit: his "Observer" bears ample testimony of his abilities, as a scholar, a critic, and an essayist; while his "West Indian," "Wheel of Fortune," and "Fashionable Lover," hold the foremost rank in modern comedy. I would recommend for general perusal a small work written by him, and republished since his death, called "A few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ."

Soft is her voice, and humble are her ways;
Warm is her heart, and fervent is her praise;
Fair deeds of virtue all her hours employ,
She chides with meekness, and forgives with joy:
Happy the soul that feels the ray divine,
(A ray which sainted PORTEUS* beam'd in thine,)
With conscious pleasure she reviews the past,
And confident in faith, awaits her last.

F. Why this *is* praise!—

P. Not greater than is due:—
I can withhold applause, and give it too;
Above deceit, I scorn all venal ways;
I freely censure, and I freely praise,

---

* The late Bishop of London—a Prelate of great learning, moderation, and Christian piety.

If D****y call me ranc'rous *decent* Knight!
When he grows *wiser*, I'll grow more *polite*;
'Till then I laugh at ceremony's rules,
And still include him in my list of fools.

F. Why name you him?

P. To bring before the town
A courtly coxcomb, though he wears a gown;
A *Journalist**—and such a one heav'n knows!
I will not, reader, to offend thy nose,
Rake up the dunghill of his filthy prose.

* This man, among *other things*, is editor and proprietor of "The Morning Herald," a journal, displaying a strange mixture of ribaldry and falsehood; he is likewise author of a farce called "At Home," in which Mr. Coates is personally ridiculed upon the stage, under the title of "*Romeo Rantall.*" Now Mr. Coates, like Parson D****y, is certainly no very *consistent* character; but *his* fooleries are perfectly harmless. *Quere*—Which is the most contemptible, a Clerical Flatterer, or a Theatrical Buffoon?

Yet he can flatter with an awkward grace;
Like some old dowager who chalks her face,
He daubs so coarsely to display the *saint*,
That the grey *sinner* stares beneath the paint.
Let Scott* revile my writings to the town,
As well I guess he would for half-a-crown;
Let Manners, just escap'd from durance vile,
Abuse, defame me in his Grub-Street style,
In some catch-penny pamphlet, penn'd complete,
Conceiv'd, begotten, born within the Fleet:
"*Pour on, I will endure!*"—with scorn I view
The worst that dulness and her sons can do,

* One John Scott, a small Critic, and Editor of the "Champion," Sunday newspaper. Mr. Scott has lately published "A Visit to Paris," an amusing *compilation* enough, but not very authentic: I rather suspect that Mr. Scott, like Sir John Carr, occasionally travels by *proxy*.

So fortune save my character and lays
From D****y's hireling, prostituted praise.
When Pasquin*, arm'd with libels, stalks by night,
Lest prowling bailiffs intercept his flight;
Pasquin, dull rogue! who twenty years has made
His pamphlets turn a profitable trade;
How ****** dreads the vengeance of his muse,
And ***** who has no character to lose,

---

* Anthony Pasquin, Esq. alias *Doctor* John Williams: for some account of this personage, I refer the reader to Mr. Gifford's "Baviad," wherein his character, moral and literary, is very amply delineated. Anthony, who has so long "stared tremendous," has now completely sunk into oblivion, together with his pamphlets and criticisms. It is said (how truly I know not,) that the *Doctor* has a yearly benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, under the name of "*The Widow Fairbur.*"—No bad device for one who considers *any* name better than *his own.*

Quakes in his dark retreat; while you and I
With upright confidence his rage defy.
Unhappy PASQUIN! in thy latter days
Few fear thy wrath, none barter for thy praise;
But all thy pointless darts, at random thrown,
Hurt no one's name, but only d—n thine own.

Stands Scotland where it did? alas! no more—
Since truant J*****y† flies his native shore:

† The criticisms of this man in the Edinburgh Review are notorious for their vulgarity and profaneness: he is now, it is said, gone to America, leaving the superintendance of his Journal to the Honourable Mr. Lambe, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and others. How far the predictions of these brutal Scotchmen have been verified, present times will shew: Montgomery is still read and admired, and their friend Buonaparte *(O spem fallacem!)* may be said to be "down among the dead men."—

For who among her sons, to speed their gains,
(Her sons more fam'd for brimstone than for brains)
Like him retrac'd the path which KENRICK trod,
Traduc'd his country and blasphem'd his God?
Mourn, CALEDONIA! let thy rocks reply;
Nor LAMBE, nor SYDNEY can his loss supply:
SYDNEY has too much lead—and simple LAMBE
Retains the will, but wants the pow'r to damn;

It is curious to read the recantation made by the Edinburgh Reviewers after the failure of *all* their prophecies. Even Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Brougham begin to be ashamed of their associates, they are "quite chop fallen." My portrait of Mr. J*****y has been said to be too severe a likeness:—Oliver Cromwell, while sitting for his picture to Sir Peter Lely, desired the artist to paint him as he really was, with all his *warts and blotches*. If then I have given a true resemblance of Mr. J*****y's mind, I am not to blame; I have only (like Sir Peter Lely) made a close copy of the *original*.

Too dull, alas! to satisfy a pique,
His heart is willing, but his brain is weak;
Nor HOLLAND's Spouse*, nor HOLLAND's mantling bowl,
Can rouse from torpor his benighted soul.
Illustrious HOLLAND! doom'd by angry fate
To rack the muses, and reform the state;
Consistent Peer! unstain'd with courtly crimes,
Save some few *venial*† spots, and doggrel rhymes;

---

* Lord Byron says,—"*My Lady* skims the cream of each critique," in the Edinburgh Review:—nay more—

"Breathes o'er each page—(what, in the name of wonder?)
her *purity of soul.*"

"Faugh!"—cried my uncle Toby.

† This word has found a very *familiar* application of late days.

His J*****y lost,—shall haply mount the throne,
And execrate all dulness—but his own.

What though the grave may end the POET'S care,
The spleen of CHALMERS* still pursues him there;

---

* Mr. Chalmers, like *Doctor Morosophos*, is *a man of method*; well qualified to abridge Dictionaries and to put together Encyclopedias; but an edition of the English Poets, with biographical and critical notices, was an undertaking infinitely beyond the slender powers of a mere compiler. Want of *ability* would hardly have provoked my censure, considering that Mr. Chalmers was treading in the same path with DOCTOR JOHNSON; it is his want of *candour* that I complain of, although Mr. Chalmers has proved himself completely ignorant of all that constitutes a true poet. I more particularly refer to his Life of CHATTERTON, where the melancholy story of that extraordinary youth is related with the most heartless indifference. Perhaps Mr. Chalmers's *piety*, like old Lady Lambert's, in the Hypocrite, has rendered him callous to the miseries of man-

Scarce would th' ungrateful world allow him room,
Yet CHALMERS tears the laurel from his tomb;
And where some frailty asks a pitying tear,
He frowns, and plays the moralist severe.
Welcome each dunce of CIBBER's lively school!
But save me from the solemn, canting fool;
The heavy pedant, the laborious drone,
Full of old saws and dogmas of his own.

F. Some play or farce that gallery, box, and pit
Applaud for solid sense and sterling wit,
Name;—

---

kind. I am, however, a true heretic, and must shed a tear over the infirmities of human nature. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

P. Why, methinks no puzzling task were this:
The "*Bee Hive,*" "*Sleeping Beauty,*" "*Hit or Miss**!"
Such scenes as POCOCK, SKEFFINGTON produce,
And rivall'd but by *Punch* or *Mother Goose.*
Our modern playwrights, unambitious elves,
Trust to the actor more than to themselves;
Some strange peculiarity they hit,
A shrug and wink, well manag'd, pass for wit;
And LISTON's idiot stare, and OXB'RY's bray,
Have sav'd (with shame I speak it) many a play.

---

* Three very popular pieces of absurdity. "The Sleeping Beauty" is the production of Mr. Skeffington; the "Bee Hive," and "Hit or Miss," are from the pen of Mr. James Pocock. Mr. Mathews gave the oaths in the latter piece to admiration; and "*Prime, bang up!*" superseded the former polite phrases of "*Push on, keep moving! Damme, that's your sort!*"

Would you to rapture raise the vulgar throng,
Let MATHEWS play the fool, and sing his song:
A thousand tongues shall roar at FAWCETT's croak,
And MUNDEN's jaws pass current for a joke.

F. Why slumbers SHERIDAN* in this dull age?
Why thus a willing truant from the stage,

---

* Who does not lament that this great man should pass the remaining portion of his days in pursuits wholly inconsistent with his talents and rank in life? Of all the distinguished characters of the present age, I cannot name one who, in my estimation, has had (and I grieve to say, neglected) so many opportunities of rendering himself nobly popular. But while I lament that he has not done *more*, let me not forget to acknowledge what he *has done*. If these lines should ever be fortunate enough to meet his eye, he will see that my admonition is dictated by the high respect that I entertain for his talents: it is not for the brilliant wit and the enlightened statesman to exclaim—

Views he unmov'd the sickly taste that draws
Dishonest fame, and panders for applause?
Why not revive the times that once have been,
When wit and humour grac'd the comic scene;
And Folly, dragg'd before the public view,
Blush'd to behold her image drawn so true?

P. Would wit and humour please the swinish crowd,
While DIBDIN, POOLE*, and REYNOLDS croak so loud?

"*Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;*
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori."

Let him attend—and the name of Sheridan may still be the admiration of posterity.

---

* Mr. John Poole, author of "Hamlet Travestie," and the dramatic pieces of "Intrigue" and "The Hole in the Wall."

How would the boxes storm, the galleries rage,
To see their favourites banish'd from the stage;
And call aloud, ere sense could be restor'd,
For LAURENT's grin, and RIDGWAY's magic sword?
Heav'ns! could such scenes engage the public mind,
Did virtue, truth, or sense, remain behind?
In vain we boast of SHAKSPEARE's mighty pow'r,
For music now must charm the vacant hour;
OTWAY, no more we drop a tear with thee,
For song and dance are all we hear and see;
Except when KEMBLE*, to delight the few,
Restores immortal SHAKSPEARE to our view.

---

* Let me not be called hyperbolical when I assert that Mr. Kemble is equal to any tragic actor, ancient or modern. He is both a scholar and a gentleman, and consequently no favourite with the "groundlings." Some call him pedantic—I uphold that he is clas-

F. Say who's to blame?

P. The sottish town that pays
The fool with laughter,—not the bard with praise;
That looks for, in distortion and grimace,
Nature's soft ease, and wit's enchanting grace.

---

sical. For a specimen of his astonishing powers, I might advert to almost every great character in tragedy; but I will confine myself to one in which the immortal Garrick so much excelled—*King Lear*: here Mr. Kemble not only rose above himself, but above every other actor in my remembrance. The manner in which he gave the curse upon Goneril, in the First Act, was too heart-rending for the human feelings; the whole audience rose—it was a moment of enthusiasm, such as conception can hardly reach, and language never adequately describe—

"I can't find words, and pity those that can!"

Since the above was written, the public have been very nearly deprived of this great ornament of the English stage; his health is now happily re-established, and—

Grande munus
Cecropio repetat cothurno.

'Tis not enough that the rude gallery folks
Admire thy genius, and applaud thy jokes;
That clapping theatres the benches shake
Less for *thy* merit, than contention's sake;
Bold in *thyself*, uphold the Drama's laws;
Nor basely pander for a mob's applause.
To win, employ the graces of thy style,
Not the loud laugh, but the approving smile;
To HOOK and DIMOND leave the noisy crew,
Content to number the judicious few;
Nor let thy wit, like bards of little worth,
Offend our reason, to provoke our mirth.

Once 'twas the fashion, in an earlier day,
For two, at least *one* plot to form a play;
But our sage authors frugally dispense
With plots; nay, more—with nature, wit, and sense;

Through five long acts their weary audience lull,
Most cold and tasteless, most perversely dull.
For me no blind disciple of the schools
That laugh and cry by ARISTOTLE's rules;
I loathe the fool whose humour lies in trick,
While sentimental trumpery makes me sick;
And "*Oho!*" and "*Ahs!*" and "*Dammes!*" modern wit—
Can please me never, though they please the pit.
Yet not a Cynic, nor devour'd by spleen,
I needs must smile if COLMAN grace the scene;
Let humour broad, with polish'd wit combine,
No faculties more risible than mine:
But shall I laugh because some antic droll
Squints in my face?—I cannot for my soul!

F. MORTON writes comedy.

P. I'd quite forgot—

Without the aid of character or plot.

Is MORTON right?—then wrong are ancient schools,

And CONGREVE, FARQ'HAR, WYCHERLY were fools,

Who thought true wit to comedy allied,

And studied nature as their surest guide.—

Humour he has, I grant, but much too low,

And high-flown sentiment and fustian woe;

To *each extreme* incautious MORTON runs,

His sorrow moves more laughter than his puns.

F. I'll name O'KEEFE.—

P. I can't be grave with him,

A rare compound of oddity and whim!

His native ease, his quaint amusing style,

And wit grotesque would make a stoic smile.

Ye who have laugh'd when *Lingo* trod the stage,
(Before this dull and sentimental age)
Be grateful for the merriment he gave,
And smooth his cheerless passage to the grave.

Tread lightly here—for though no marble weeps,
'Tis sacred ground—beneath, a poet sleeps:—
Spare flatt'ry now, it cannot charm his ear,
But give the silent tribute of a tear.
Lamented TOBIN*!—but the muse disdains
To mark with sorrow her indignant strains,
A prouder joy might swell her glowing page,—
Thy scenes have half redeem'd our modern stage.

---

* Mr. John Tobin, author of "The Honey Moon," and "The Curfew."

In times like these, when ev'ry forward dunce
Starts up, good lord! a dramatist at once,
Could JONSON rise—how vain were *his* essay,
Some nauseous wit would bear the palm away;
Yes! though perforce we hail a JONSON dead,
A *living* JONSON p'rhaps might beg his bread.

You blame my taste, if careless midst the roar,
When noble critics hiccup out "*Encore!*"
As CATALANI*, charming queen of sounds,
Sings a bravura—for a hundred pounds;

---

* Monsieur Vallabrique lately made the modest demand of *five hundred guineas* per night for Madame Catalani to sing at a concert! The presumption of this illiterate Frenchman is past all belief. Our nobility would do well not to encourage these *foreign vagabonds;* who, if admitted to the smallest share of familiarity,

Or blythe DESHAYES all life and spirit swims
Through the gay dance, and twirls his pliant limbs,
I sit unmov'd, a cold phlegmatic guest,
Nor cry "*Encore!*" and "*Bravo!*" like the rest.
Form'd in a coarser mould, untaught by art,
I love the plainer language of the heart;
No far-fetch'd song that strains the lab'ring throat,
No squeaking eunuch's soft Italian note;
No attitude obscene 'gainst nature's plan,
Which more bespeaks the monkey than the man.
Merit stand by—for lo! with servile leer
Some warbling *Signior*, elbow'd by a peer,

---

forget they are mere buffoons, and never fail to return it with the most disgusting impertinence.

A willing slave, now banter'd, now caress'd,
Kick'd, laugh'd at, worshipp'd—as my lord thinks best!
Advances forth, obligingly polite,
To charm his friends—for fifty pounds per night.
'Tis foreign all—no native talent here
With artless, simple notes delights the ear;
But sounds that least of harmony partake,
Much lengthen'd quaver, and affected shake;
A heterogeneous mass—God help the while!
Which p'rhaps the cognoscenti christen "*style.*"
Thus fool'd—and thus instructed by the tribe,
Their follies with their pleasures we imbibe,
Till by degrees we grow, like them, debas'd,
Corrupt in morals, as deprav'd in taste.

This shameful truth let slighted genius tell,—
In vain in arts Britannia's sons excel,
Since Britain proves, through prejudice alone,
A friend to ev'ry genius, but her own.

How DULNESS smil'd on that auspicious morn,
When high enthron'd, the butt of public scorn,
She pompous saw her favourite ARNOLD sit
In Drury's fane the arbiter of wit.
"My son," the joyful mother cry'd, and then
Into his trembling fingers thrust a pen,
"*Something* thou shalt produce—no matter what—
An old romance supplies thee with a plot;
Then steal or borrow, to cajole the folks,
TOM D'URFEY's madrigals, and MILLER's* jokes:

* Mr. Joseph Miller, the famous jester; whose book of puns has

All these together in confusion thrown,
Well sprinkled with some nonsense of thine own;
And some odd scraps, by COLMAN thrown away,
Will (HOLT* can answer for it) make a play.
Long may'st thou live to prove the scourge of sense,
And nurture folly at a large expence!

---

been of infinite service to our modern Farce-writers; and to none more so than Mr. Samuel Arnold.

---

* Mr. Holt wrote a Comedy, called "The Land we live in," which was very properly hooted from the stage. This gentleman suffered a severe castigation from the pen of Jew Brandon, in a preface to his Opera of "Kais." It seems that Mr. Holt had attacked Mr. Brandon's piece, "The Idol which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up."—As the offence was committed six years ago, I hope the parties are by this time reconciled:

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But *fool* with *fool* is barb'rous civil war."

To catch each novelty, howe'er absurd;
And raise all hell, as FAUSTUS gives the word.
Though POLITO, to make the people stare,
Erects his annual booth at Smithfield Fair,
Where lions roar with wide distended jaws,
And grinning serpents hiss with vast applause;
How vain are all his efforts to out-do!—
—Old DRURY's stage shall boast its monsters too.
But if, with equal emulation fir'd,
Thy rival HARRIS hath each monster hir'd,
(A genuine son, a kindred spirit he,
And second in my love to none, but thee;)
Let RAYMOND take some fierce *Rhinoceros'* shape,
And OXB'RY be transform'd into an *Ape;*
Next let *thy* talents find their proper use,
Do thou, as best becomes thee, play the *Goose;*

Then all shall own, while they admire the cast,
Thou'st found thy fittest character at last.
See how my children in one cause unite,
Lo, LARPENT* reads! while HOOK and REYNOLDS write;
Dull BRINSLEY sleeps, and should he wake again,
I fear some revolution in our reign;
But KOTZEBUE's bombast, fearing to expire,
Stole the last spark of his immortal fire."

To drain our wealth what numbers cross the main†,
Fiddlers from France, and mountebanks from Spain;

* Mr. Larpent is the very erudite supervisor (I will not say *reader)* of Plays, Farces, Interludes, and Pantomimes, under the Lord Chamberlain.

† Shakspeare throws out a pleasant sarcasm at the idle curiosity

From Italy a host of warbling slaves,
From Holland grave mynheers, egregious knaves:
There Indian jugglers ply their trade for hire,
And here a Prussian lady swallows fire;
While rushing crowds assemble far and near,
What to behold?—a Cossack and his spear!
When POLITO might gratify their view
With sights as ugly, and as human too.

---

of the English nation, in a sentence which he puts into the mouth of Trinculo, in the Tempest. Upon first beholding Caliban, the clown exclaims—"A strange fish! were I in *England* now (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; *any strange beast* there makes a *man*: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

But most to thee, O Germany! we owe
Our choicest stock of rarities below;
Counts, gamesters*, princes, jostling side by side,
Thy low-born offal, and thy high-dutch pride,
All who for wit or want their country leave,
Kind, we invite, and grateful, we receive:
Thus cramm'd—impos'd on, much beyond our due,
'Tis hard, methinks, to send us poets too!
Our taste is German—and our wives will say,
How pure the doctrine of a German play!

---

* A German count and a gamester are nearly synonimous terms: even many of the highest of the nobility resort to play, to improve their narrow fortunes. The celebrated George Selwyn, being haughtily commanded by some petty elector to quit his kingdom in *three days*, replied,—"Please your highness I will look upon your dominions in *half an hour*."

Where vice appears so innocently dress'd,

We almost fancy cuckoldom a jest*;

For the frail nymph so well her crime defends,

The couple weep, embrace, and soon are friends†!

Nor stop we here—strange farragos succeed,

("Oh horrible! most horrible indeed!")

---

* As in the cases of Lady H**l**d, Lady J****y, and other illustrious courtezans, who appear at dr——g r—ms—

"—— Where never wh**e approaches,
Unless they ride in *their own coaches.*"

† Literally the case: a passage from Doctor Young's tragedy of the "Revenge" is not here inapplicable.—Zanga, addressing Alonzo concerning his wife's supposed infidelity, remarks—

"If you forgive, the world will call you *good;*
If you forget, the world will call you *wise;*
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you *very, very kind.*"

Undaunted IRELAND* dares the mighty test,
Although, in raising spirits and the rest,
LEWIS without a rival stands confest.
Though sprites appear obedient at his will,
Ghosts are but ghosts; and demons, demons still;
Alike in matter, and in form the same:—
Hobgoblins differ only—in the name:
Yet LEWIS trembles lest his fame be won,
And MISTRESS RADCLIFFE fears herself outdone.

---

* Mr. Ireland has written a great number of romances, full of the most ridiculous *diablerie*; in one of them is the merry incident of "*a little red woman*" being yearly whipped round the abbey cloisters by the devil!

It is needless to enter into the particulars of Mr. Ireland's forgery of the Shaksperian manuscripts; the public are already too well acquainted with them.

But these are harmless, satire must confess,
To the loose novels of MINERVA's Press;
Such melting tales as MEEKE and ROSA tell;
For pious LANE, who knows his readers well,
Can suit all palates with their diff'rent food,
Love for the hoyden, morals for the prude.
Behold, with reams of nonsense newly born,
Th' industrious train who scribble night and morn;
Five pounds per volume!* their enormous bribe:—
Enough, methinks, to tempt a hungry scribe.

---

* And a very liberal price truly, considering the great depreciation that has taken place in the value of *waste paper*, owing to several cart-loads of newly-published novels from the Minerva Library having lately come into the market for *circulation*; by which it would appear, that the *paper currency* of Grub-Street is somewhat upon the decline.

First Lady Morgan*, Amazonian Fair!
(Ye gods! what will not Lady Morgan dare?)
With four octavo volumes shocks the sight;
For who can read as fast as she can write?
Next fair Llewellyn†, modestly indeed,
Would have us *name* her works, as well as *read;*

---

* Innumerable are the caterers for the Minerva Library: we have Lady Morgan, (late Miss Owenson, very much *a-miss* as a punster would say,) Mrs. Meeke, Rosa Matilda, Bridget Bluemantle, Ann of Swansea, Honoria Scott, Captain Hewitsone, Captain Williamson, Cervantes Hogg, *Esq.* Mr. Theodore Melville, Francis Lathom, "A Native Officer," and a whole tribe of "*single and of double pinks,*" who live upon the bad taste of the public; for

"*Dulness* all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all."

† "Read, and give it a Name," a Novel, in four volumes, by Mrs. Llewellyn.

Which to perform, in language just and brief,
Let "*bawdry*" be inscrib'd on every leaf.
MATILDA toils the promis'd boon to win,
And ANN OF SWANSEA wades through thick and thin;
While BRIDGET BLUEMANTLE'S eternal scrawl
Makes truly more waste paper than them all.
Would you with blushes tinge the virgin cheek,
Read "Midnight Weddings," penn'd by MRS. MEEKE:
Soft amorous stories by HONORIA SCOTT*,
Of ravishments, seductions, and what not:
Or GUNNING'S tales, for GUNNING, to my taste,
Is sprightly, witty, any thing—but *chaste:*

* "Amatory Tales of Spain, France, Switzerland, and the Mediterranean;" by Honoria Scott.

Or "Rival Princes," anger's latest spark,
Pride of them all, and worthy Mrs. Clarke.

I pass in silence, authors not a few;
Cervantes Hogg*, and all the Grub-Street crew:
Alas! more worthy of contempt than rage,
Their worthless names would but defile my page:
The muse shall never gibbet them on high,
Obscurely as they liv'd, why let them die.

F. 'Tis pitiful—but why indulge your spleen?
Will all this useless railing mend the scene?
Your satire is too pointed, too severe†,
And little suited to the public ear.

* Cervantes Hogg, Esq. author of the "Rising Sun," and the "Barouche Driver and his Wife;" most despicable catch-penny trash.

† "*Ah Bozzy I smell you in the dark!*" whispered Doctor

HOLLAND, who now and then, to serve his ends
Invites some score of literary friends,

Johnson to his friend James Boswell, as they passed by night through the streets of Edinburgh, not inaptly denominated the *Spice Islands;* and I think I can discover the dull invective of Mr. Hewson Clarke in the following lines, on the author of *The Modern Dunciad,* taken from the "Theatrical Inquisitor."

"Just wise enough to play the fool,
"Just learn'd enough to err by rule,
"With vanity of monstrous size
"That struts and swells, and would be wise;
"Instead of wit, with venom fraught;
"With owl-like mein that looks like thought,
"Our sapient author rushes forth
"Like the pale critics of the north,
"And vainly tries with idle rhyme
"That flows in one poor ding-dong chime,
"To blast the high *unsullied name*
"Of all the *dearest sons of fame.*"

Will meet you at his table with an air
That plainly tells you have no bus'ness there.
"Ye gods!" he cries, "shall I, who think sublime
MATILDA's motley hash of prose and rhyme,
By one, who begs a dinner at my door,
Be school'd—and play 'Sir Oracle' no more?"
—Thus banish'd from his presence in disgrace,
Methinks starvation stares you in the face.

P. I guess you well—henceforth no verse of mine
Shall question ROSE's* title to "*divine;*"

* Mr. William Stewart Rose composed a fearful quarto, called "Partenopex of Blois."—A very few extracts will give the reader some idea of Mr. Rose's facility in writing, what Ben Jonson calls "*no language at all.*"

"With that 'twas wrought of *fayery so dight.*"—
"Melior in *sooth* it was, the sov'reign *fay,*
The wardress of that keep and garden gay,
She on the bed her dainty limbs *down laid.*"

No more in critic gall I'll dip my quill,

Let FEIST* and CROKER† scribble what they will;

Yet Mr. Walter Scott has praised this young gentleman's poetry; a piece of *waggery* that suggested the following lines:—

Well sung the bard, in human nature wise—
"*Praise undeserv'd is Satire in disguise.*"
Then who but owns that ought of candour knows,
The praise of *Scott* a satire upon *Rose?*
A *Bard* forsooth! 'twas verily too bad
To draw such laughter on the simple lad;
'Twere better to have made him king at once,
A man may be a *King* and still a *Dunce.*

---

* An attorney's clerk, and a maker of verses. A droll story is told of Mr. Feist: he employed a printer to print his poems, sent for a dozen copies for himself, but entirely *forgot* to pay the expence of the publication.

"Wits have short memories, and *dunces* none."

---

† I do not mean to class Mr. Croker with Mr. Feist. Mr. Croker

Let dying Strephons void their monthly stuff,

"And d—d be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough*!'"

---

is one of the best of the numerous class of *middling* poets, and Mr. Feist is the very worst of the *bad*. There are some passages in the "Battles of Talavera" that I have read with pleasure. The disposition of an army, the roaring of cannons, and the cries of the wounded, offer nothing new for description; and the poet who can

---

* I thought that my catalogue of dull authors had been nearly complete, when "*the Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton*" accidentally met my view. The writer of this volume would fain make the public believe that his trash is from the pen of *Thomas Moore*; he therefore dates from *Dublin*, instead of from *Grub-Street*. As to literary merit, it is impossible to conceive a more abject performance; such a gallimaufry of obscene dulness has seldom issued from the British press. But a word in Tom Shuffleton's ear—who ever heard of the *first* edition of his doggrel? Tom, I suspect, has a happy knack of manufacturing title pages, and has made his *second* edition precede his *first*.

F. Wisely resolv'd—since this contention ends,

All Grub-street and the court shall prove your friends;

---

write upon such subjects, so as even to be tolerated, may be said to have achieved something. The "Campaign," by Mr. John Gwilliam, is also entitled to commendation. I shall here detain the reader with a few stanzas of my own, upon a similar subject.

THE WORN-OUT TAR.

The ship was now in sight of land,
And crowds from shore with joy did hail her;
The happy hour was nigh at hand
When each sweet lass would see her sailor:
How gallantly she ploughs her way!
To England's shores returning back;
And ev'ry heart is light and gay,
Except the heart of honest JACK.

From hardy youth to vig'rous age
With sturdy arm he stemm'd the wave,
And in the battle's hottest rage
He fought the bravest 'midst the brave;

Brisk maids of honour quit their fond amours,

And LITTLE's am'rous page, to doat on yours.

And many a bitter sigh he gave,
And scarce suppress'd the starting tear,
He wish'd the sea had prov'd his grave,
Some shot had clos'd his long career.

For he was old, his frame was worn,
His cheek had lost its manly hue;
Unlike his glory's rising morn
When big with hope his fancy grew;
Yet was his heart as firm and true,
In his lov'd country's cause as warm,
As when he cheer'd his gallant crew
To face the foe, or brave the storm.

By time and toil, and sickness chang'd,
From friends, from home, and kindred dear,
For thirty tedious years estrang'd—
When he, long-lost, shall re-appear,

Why always *Satire* * ? chuse some milder theme.

P. —*Soft! 'tis the music of yon murm'ring stream—*

How will they start his voice to hear!
And bless the day he ceas'd to roam,
And fondly dry each grateful tear,
And welcome the poor wand'rer home.

---

* This question may be soon answered.—Satire presents new objects every hour, so that an attentive observer can never want a subject. Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, lashed the dunces of their time; and Mr. Gifford, and the anonymous Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," have done much towards exposing those of the present day. A new generation has, however, sprung up, sufficient to employ the pen of the Modern Satirist. But satire, to be useful, should be just; and the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" has fallen into an error, in making the late Doctor Geddes, translator of the Historical Books of the Old Testament, an object of his censure. It was my good fortune, when a boy, to be acquainted with that profound scholar and excellent man; and his kindness to me in particular, is among my most pleasing recollections. He possessed a

F. 'Pshaw! the mere cant of ev'ry tuneful tongue—

P. Then say what scenes has nature yet unsung?

Then, while the children climb his knees,
And age and youth stand list'ning by,
He'll tell when oft he plough'd the seas,
Winds blew, and waves ran mountains high;
And while a tear bedews each eye,
Declare, but in fault'ring tone,
He saw the gallant NELSON die,
And heard the hero's parting groan!

---

truly benevolent heart, and took a real interest in the temporal and eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures: his conversation was eloquent, argumentative, and full of deep research; yet, when in the company of youth, (and he was often in their company,) his behaviour was in the highest degree kind and engaging. He was indeed the promoter and the sharer of their pastimes. He lived to an honorable old age, beloved by all who had the happiness of knowing him; and he died in the humble hope of being received into his fa-

The time has been when many a rural lay
I tried, as life pass'd airily away;

How, as he gloriously expir'd,
Dread war a fiercer aspect wore;
And Britain's sons with vengeance fir'd
Bade all their brazen cannons roar,
'Till rude TRAFALGAR's rocky shore,
And heaving Ocean's depths profound,
Proclaim'd the conq'ring chief no more,
And echo'd back the solemn sound.

---

ther's kingdom with the spirits of just men made perfect. The following passage (extracted from his works) is inscribed on the tomb erected to his memory, by his friend, Lord Petre: for charity of sentiment, I cannot find its parallel in the English language.—

"*Christian* is my name, and *Catholic* my surname. I grant that you are a *Christian* as well as I, and I embrace you as my fellow disciple in Jesus; and if you *were not* a disciple of *Jesus*, still I embrace you as my *fellow man*."

But grief and care, the inroads time has made,
Have cast o'er all a melancholy shade.

How once the ship was tempest-driven
In Biscay's deep and treach'rous bay,
Without one blessed star from heaven
To light her on her lonely way;
O, then 'twas first he learn'd to pray,
And own th' Almighty's sov'reign will,
When He, whom winds and seas obey,
Stretch'd forth his arm—and all was still.

How captive in a foreign land,
Far off, beneath the burning zone,
Th' abode of men, a savage band,
Who worshipp'd idols of their own,
He made the glorious Gospel known,
With reverential awe they heard,
And bow'd before Jehovah's Throne,
And bless'd Salvation's sacred Word.

E'en now, I hasten to my last retreat,

Too soon this anxious heart shall cease to beat;

When wounded on the deck he lay,
And Death stood by with terrors grim,
And eager monsters watch'd their prey,
And sea-birds sang his funeral hymn,
Death had no slavish fears for him—
Let cowards shrink at ev'ry ball;
What if he lost his life or limb,
His king and country claim'd it all.

And shall he now neglected lie
A victim to disease and woe,
Unhonor'd live, obscurely die,
He who has honest scars to shew?
Ah, no! ere death shall lay him low
Britannia shall reward her son
For having nobly fac'd the foe
In battles bravely fought and won.

Some filial tears be o'er my memory shed,
And those who lov'd me living, mourn me dead.
Has pitying heav'n an early fate design'd,
It still shall find me grateful and resign'd:
Well-pleas'd to share at life's eventful close,
The scorn of all whom most I wish'd my foes.
For DRYDEN never fear'd with manly rage
To lash the full-grown vices of the age,

Now let the wand'rer rest in peace,
And wear out life's remaining span;
Here let the bold inquirer cease
The will of Providence to scan:
Dark are the ways of God to man—
And he who bears misfortune's blast
Shall bless each wise mysterious plan,
And anchor safe in port at last.

But spurning what he thought dishonest fame,
Call'd ev'ry rogue and blockhead by his name;
Thus SHADWELL'S dulness, SHAFTSBURY'S baser
crimes
Are handed down to all succeeding times.
POPE (who retains pre-eminence, in spite
Of all that WESTON *, all that BOWLES could write)
To conquer vice the surest method found,
He aim'd with care to give the deeper wound;
And counting titles, wealth, inferior things,
To VIRTUE gave what he deny'd to KINGS.

---

* This miserable grub was employed some years ago to defame Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine.

And shall the muse*, freeborn, to none a slave;

Unbrib'd, unbought, by any fool or knave,

---

* ODE.

Of all the slaves by fate accurst,
Sure a DEPENDANT is the worst,
The dupe of every whim;
The negro chain'd on Afric's shore,—
The meanest wretch that tugs the oar,
Is blest compar'd to him.

Heav'n guard me from the ills of life!
Six froward imps, a scolding wife,
A coxcomb's vain parade;
A doctor's bill, a pleader's bawl,
A larder lean—but most of all
From *Flattery's* fawning trade.

See APPIUS, curst with mighty gains,
How great his pride! how small his brains!
How haughty, cold, and stern!

A votary oft at freedom's holy shrine,

Check the just warmth of her satiric line?

Behold him at a levee wait—

The sycophant, a tool of state,

Must bow and cringe in turn.

Sprung from the lowest dregs of earth,

He boasts no high patrician birth,

No great illustrious name;

A supple droll, ordain'd for sport,

He serves to play the fool at court,

Where C***ER does the same.

Though fortune give me such a share

Of wealth, that leaves me none to spare;

A happier fate is mine;

Since providence hath largely sent

A richer portion in CONTENT,

And why should I repine?

Free let it flow while truth directs its course,
Strong in its tide, resistless in its force;

For know, my friend, of human bliss
The whole economy is this—
(Experience speaks it true:)
If little be our worldly part,
To sit resign'd—and learn the art
To make that little do.

Here seated in my calm retreat,
My milk is pure, my fruits are sweet,
Wash'd by the early dews;
How fresh the breeze! how clear the sky!
My faithful handmaids ever nigh,
Contentment and the muse.

My house, a crib—built firm and strong,
My garden, half an acre long,
Well planted o'er with flowers;

And shame the hoary pimp, the courtly tool,
The bold-fac'd villain, and the harmless fool.

And then of books a precious store,
Of ancient and of modern lore,
To charm the lonely hours.

Thanks to the gods for what they send!
A cheerful glass to treat a friend,
Of liquor old and rare;
O'er which, borne high on fancy's wing,
We drink our country and our king,
Or toast some fav'rite fair.

And what I hold my greatest pride,
A partner, in affliction tried,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
Kind, patient, affable, sincere,
To all who know her virtues, dear—
But doubly dear to me.

Shall BRITAIN, spot of heav'n's peculiar care,
Her sons so warlike and her nymphs so fair,
Whose envied fame is borne on every breeze,
As waves her flag majestic o'er the seas;
Shall BRITAIN see her liberties despis'd,
Once jealously maintain'd, and dearly priz'd,

Thanks to the gods for what they give!
Thus *independent* let me live;
Thus *independent* die;
Steal from the world—not quite unknown—
And may some monumental stone
Point where my ashes lie.

Enough, that o'er their father's bier
My children drop the filial tear,
By fond affection shed;
And (grateful to the poet's mind)
The humble works I leave behind,
Embalm my memory dead.

And silently behold her court out-blaze
The rank obscenity of CHARLES's days?
Shall vice make virtue crouch beneath her feet,
And grey seduction prowl from street to street;
And sins too black and horrible to name,
In her unhappy land be thought no shame?
Shall SCRIPTURE, blessed fount of truth divine,
Which made by holy faith the Saviour mine,
And taught me through this dark sojourn to see
Although a wanderer, he died for me,
By daring infidels and fools at best,
Be boldly call'd a bubble and a jest*?

---

* Such has been the final opinion of those who have rested on the broken reed of *abstruse speculation*. We may admire the splendid talents of the Atheist, the subtilty of his arguments, and the eloquence of his language; but how shall our admiration sink into

And O! to make her infamy complete,

Shall truth and justice quit the judgment-seat,

---

contempt, to behold those very acquirements with which God has endowed him, most traitorously employed in subverting the noblest truths of his revelation, and rendering his omnipotence a matter of doubt to his creatures? The life of the Atheist may be dazzling, but his death is dark and gloomy; he is never so happy as when endeavouring to convince the world of the truth of his arguments, which, in solitude, he finds it difficult to reconcile to his own conscience. In crowds, he is the gay trifling man of the world; in seclusion, the dark, discontented misanthrope: in health, death is the subject of his sport; in sickness, he comes armed in all his terrors. The sun shines in the firmament, but his glories are not for him; the seasons return, but their fruits wither in his sight; *time* is lost in idle speculations, and *eternity* shall be spent in bewailing his error. The disciples of Voltaire can receive little consolation from his death. "I wish," said M. Tronchin, his physician, "that the converts of that celebrated writer had been witnesses of his last moments."—"I die, abandoned by God and man!" was the awful exclamation of that mistaken philosopher.

And law, her strong defence in former times,
Uphold the guilty, and defend their crimes?
Shall sins like these, which loud for vengeance call,
And urge a tottering nation to its fall,

A wicked though feeble blow has been lately aimed at the church of England, by the writers of two obscure books called "*The Legend of the Velvet Cushion*," and "*A New Covering to the Velvet Cushion*." Happily those persons are as stupid as they are malignant. Their principles (if objects so mean can be said to have any principles) are republican, and tend to the total subversion of the most sacred institutions of our country. Of the comfortable doctrines of the "*pious Needham*" and her illustrious successor, "*Mistress Cole*," they are no unworthy teachers. I should never have noticed these works had I not understood that the enemies of the church and constitution considered them as very able replies to the Rev. Mr. Cunningham's "*Velvet Cushion*." I have no doubt they are the best that could be got, as they afford a tolerable specimen of the true tabernacle jargon, being vulgar, barbarous, and unintelligible.

Unbridled reign, and satire's voice be dumb?
Nor warn a guilty land of wrath to come?
I will—

F. Fine words! lash blockheads to the bone,
But leave, my friend, pray leave the GREAT alone;
The sons of dulness, *they* were made for sport,
But spare, for prudence sake, O spare *the Court!*
MY LORD, whose frown keeps modest truth in awe,
Array'd in all the terrors of the law,
Suspends his legal vengeance.

P. Let it fall;—
One smile from virtue makes amends for all;
A JEFFERIES'* rage can ne'er my terrors raise,
I scorn his censure as I hate his praise.

---

* The following epitaph upon our *modern Jefferies* must be taken in a very "*sober sense;*"

THOU (if a voice, still true to virtue's cause,
Dare give neglected honesty applause,)
Who, free from private pique, from party zeal,
Canst like a poet write, a patriot feel,
Accept my verse; relax thy brow awhile,
Nor scorn my labours for their homely style.
If now and then a happier line appear,
And sound with sweeter music in thine ear;
A brighter thought, in which thou seest combin'd
Sound judgment, fertile fancy, strength of mind;
Such as may justly claim thy meed of praise,
And call to mind the bards of former days;

Here lies (good folks forbear your scoffing)
A *Justice* in a leaden coffin:—
A saving thought! this very *Lead*
Was taken from his worship's *Head*.

'Tis all I hope—but far from me be those
Who flatter GRENVILLE'S* rhyme, or DIBDIN'S
prose;
Phlegmatic judges, who unmov'd can sit,
And ARNOLD'S ribaldry mistake for wit;
O'er DIMOND'S† puling scenes lament and sigh,
With SKEFFINGTON or GODWIN‡ laugh and cry;
And O! (what wonders we may live to see)
Think COLERIDGE, mighty SHAKSPEARE, rivals thee!

---

* Lord George Grenville, author of "Portugal," a Poem.

† Mr. Dimond is author of "The Hunter of the Alps," "Adrian and Orrilla," "The Foundling of the Forest," and several other pieces in the German style.

‡ Mr. Godwin wrote a ludicrous Tragedy, called "Faulkner," which was d—d at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Let such dull loungers (if they rise so soon)
At dry rehearsals spend their time till noon;
To billiards stroll, or half asleep peruse
The vague abortions of FITZGERALD'S muse;
Then at ALBINA'S rout, with wits forlorn,
Wear out the tedious night, and gape till morn.

THE END.

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